

*The* **AMERICAN GIRL**

*March*

1952 • 25¢





*Beautiful Hair*

B R E C K



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by MARJORIE VETTER

**Sleeping Mines.** By GERTRUDE E. FINNEY. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.50. "Aren't any young men to prospect," said the old miner. "Where are they now? All in the city wanting to live on the government. They'd rather be secure on a pittance than risk their comfort against winning a fortune." But Susan Claremore was willing to risk almost anything to prove the worth of the Rex holdings in which her father had had such faith. It seemed to her that only she and the old dog, Fuse, had really understood her father. Her timid, feminine mother and sister hated even to hear mining talk. Yet they went along to the Rex to give Susan a summer in which to prove her point, making a home out of a bleak miner's cabin and attracting a circle of admiring males. But there was something frightening in the mountains. Was it bears, mountain lions? Or could the people in the Outlaw Cabin have heard that Bob Claremore had made an exciting find just before his death, and be up to something sinister? Danger and romance spiced the unusual summer, during which it was determined whether or not it was possible to wake the Claremore mines. The author, Gertrude Finney, grew up, and three of her four children were born within the Coeur d'Alene mining district of Idaho, which probably accounts for the realism in this novel with a fresh and different background.

**The Provost's Jewel.** By ELIZABETH KYLE. Houghton Mifflin \$2.50. By the author of the delightful mystery stories of Holly Hotel, this tale of a youthful Scotsman in the role of "private eye" is top-notch entertainment. Above all else the three orphaned McFadyens want to return to New York with their uncle, who takes leave of absence from his glamorous job of lieutenant of the New York Special Police to settle the affairs of his young relatives in Scotland. But bachelor Lieutenant McFadyen is understandably reluctant to be burdened with a girl and a baby. Young Walt, who shares not only his uncle's name but his courage, quick wit, and superb self-confidence, has no doubt of his own value to a man in his uncle's position, but he refuses to be parted from his sister and small brother. When he sets out to prove that even the added encumbrance of a girl and a baby pales into insignificance in connection with a young man of his talents, he embarks on a series of dangerous and exciting adventures in pursuit of a crafty pair of jewel thieves. He ends up as the self-appointed guardian, in the face of discouraging and hampering adult skepticism, of the fabulous jeweled fish, symbol of office, in the Glasgow home of the Lord Provost himself. Youthful courage and self-reliance, highly satisfactory suspense and excitement, and delightful humor make this an especially good mystery story.

## I Was a Chubby Little High School Girl ...Now I'm a Popular Teen-age Model



you look prettier. And you'll have lots more fun, too. You'll find all the "know-how" in my new book, just published:

Not so long ago, when I was 15—I was fat, with thick legs and an oversize waistline. Then, when I decided to become a model, I had to practically make myself over!

In changing myself from a girl who just slopped along to a girl who had to look her best at all times—I discovered plenty about good looks, grooming and personality.

Believe you me—those glamour routines really pay off! They did for me, and I guarantee that if you follow them they will make

## Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE GLAMOUR GUIDE

This is not a book for your mother or your grandmother. It is written especially for YOU. It shows how you can be more attractive, have more fun with the crowd you pal around with, get more dates, be at your best at proms and parties, and enjoy the life of a teen. Here you will find all the secrets of smartness and good grooming that Betty Cornell learned when she became a teen-age model. You will see how YOU can develop YOUR beauty and charm by following the suggestions Betty Cornell gives you. For example:

### YOUR FIGURE

What to eat to lose weight; to gain weight.  
The truth about between-meal nibbling.  
Advice to Lasy Lils who can't get up in time for breakfast.  
Bringing lunch to school—what to pack, what to leave out.  
Warning to girls who BUY lunch, and how to steer clear of danger.  
How to keep family dinners from ruining your figure.  
How to eat at a party.

### YOUR SKIN

What to do about splotchy skin.  
How to get rid of pimples, blackheads and hickies.  
How to apply cleansing cream.  
What to do if you have oily skin, dry skin, or skin that is part oily, part dry.

### YOUR HAIR

How to get sheen and gloss into your hair.  
How to get rid of dandruff.  
Brushing your hair the way models do.  
Shampooing your hair.  
How to set your hair.  
How to choose your most flattering hair style.  
How to be known as a girl with beautiful hair.

### YOUR MAKEUP

The most important thing about makeup.  
Little tricks that keep makeup from looking obvious.  
How to apply powder base and powder.  
What to do about rouge.  
Proper way to apply lipstick.  
Don't be silly about eye makeup.  
How to have pretty hands.  
How to apply nail polish.

### MODELING TRICKS

What makes a model look so straight and tall.  
How to stand "in one line."

How to walk gracefully, with fluid movement.

How to look lovely while dancing.  
The secret of standing with one foot at a right angle to the other.  
What to do with your hands when you stand or sit.  
How to photograph well.

### YOUR GROOMING

Your best insurance against being pushed out of the social swim.  
Tips on bathing and use of deodorants.  
"How nice you smell."  
To shave legs and underarms, or not to shave.  
Do teens need a girdle?  
Should a teen wear a bra?  
Suggestions on stockings, underwear, accessories.

### YOUR CLOTHES

How the eye can be fooled.  
When to choose clothes with wrap-around lines, slim lines, pleated lines, gored lines, diagonal lines, or radiating lines.  
What colors are becoming if you are brunette, blonde, redhead, or in-between.  
How clothes should be related with skin color.  
Picking clothes to suit your personality.  
Clothes that mix and match.  
How not to be "out-dated."

### MONEY

How to raise the cash for an extra formal or a fro-frou blouse.  
How to get a steady income.  
Part-time jobs.  
Baby-sitting.  
Cash in on cooking.  
Raising money for others.  
How to handle your allowance.  
Modeling—does it pay?

### YOUR PERSONALITY

How to keep from folding up when the social whirl slows to a standstill.  
How to make yourself more attractive to others.  
How to develop your own personality and "make like an individual."  
Don't get a "crowd complex."  
How to put your best self forward and have fun.



**FREE  
5-DAY TRIAL**

See for yourself how much you can benefit from the honest advice and smart tips on grooming in Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE GLAMOUR GUIDE. Read this wonder-working book for 5 days—then either return it and pay nothing, or keep it and send only \$1 a month until low price of only \$2.95, plus few cents postage, is paid. Mail coupon NOW to get your free-trial copy.

### FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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70 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Please send me Betty Cornell's TEEN-AGE GLAMOUR GUIDE. After giving it a sincere trial for five days, if I am not satisfied I may return the book to you and pay nothing. Otherwise I will send only \$1.00 plus a few pennies for postage and packing, and \$1.00 a month until the low price of only \$2.95 is paid.

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SAVE! Send \$2.95 WITH THIS COUPON, and we will pay shipping charges. Same return privilege—your money back if you are not thrilled and delighted with this book.

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for just about \$8.†

→  
... this dreamy,  
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You can have them—have them for little money, when you've breezed through SINGER's heaven-sent home dressmaking course, planned to the last stitch for teen-agers!

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For just 8 well-spent dollars, you get 8 marvelous two-hour lessons—the

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Why don't you get a head start right now, on clothes for a summerful of fun? Go to your SINGER SEWING CENTER today. Sign up for your teen-age class, for girls 12 through 17. Honestly, you'll be so happy that you did, when you find a lifetime of pretty clothes right at your finger tips!

**ALL THERE!** Fabrics, notions, findings, patterns—everything you need to make these and your other dream-clothes come to life—available at your SINGER SEWING CENTER.

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Complete course for only \$8!

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Look up the address of the one nearest you in your classified telephone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

†Complete cost for fabric, patterns, trimmings, etc. for size 12.  
\*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY



# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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### MARCH COVER GIRL



Michelle Cox, our March cover girl, swims, dives, plays basketball and is twirler for her district band. Just thirteen, she graduates from departmental high school this year. For Easter, Michelle chooses Petiteen's trim coat dress of Burlington's washable rayon linen. It is brightly accented with a pussycat bow and full skirt panel of red and green sheer gingham. Subteen sizes 8-14, it's about \$11 at stores on page 50. Linen shoes by Capezio. Bracelet by Berchman. Basket from The Latin American Shop at Bloomingdale Bros. Taffy Apple lipstick by Peggy Sage.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$2.50 for one year, \$4.00 for two years. Foreign and Canadian, \$6.00 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money order for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

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NUMBER 3

THE AMERICAN GIRL

I'm  
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STAND-UP COLLAR!

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or green. Sizes 8-10-12-14.

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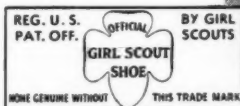
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HIGHER DENVER WEST

Remember, there are Brownie Scout Shoes,  
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Buster Brown Official  
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available in white.



It's not an official  
shoe unless it is  
marked "Girl  
Scout"



**BUSTER BROWN**  
Official Girl Scout Shoes®

Product of Buster Brown Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis

# 40

## A Salute to Girl Scouting



on its fortieth anniversary as an organization for girls of every race and creed

A message from Mrs. Roy F. Layton,  
National President, Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

"On March 12 the Girl Scouts will be forty years old. To you girls that must seem very old, but it really isn't. What is really exciting about our being forty years old is that so much has been done by the Girl Scouts in those years—by girls like you who were in the first troop, led by our founder, Juliette Low. Just think! Then there were twelve Girl Scouts—now there are 1,770,000. What do you suppose this means? That we are big—yes! But it also means we must act big. By that I mean we must live our Promise and Laws. If we do, we will grow and grow and keep on being a force for good—a growing force for freedom!"

*Olivia Layton*

A message from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,  
Honorary Vice-President, Girl Scouts of the U. S. A.

I am delighted to send a message to the Girl Scouts of the United States of America in this fortieth anniversary year. I think the training that Girl Scouts get is excellent, and they are preparing themselves not only to help in case of need in a crisis but to be better American citizens.

I am particularly interested that at Camp Rockwood near Washington, D. C., you are going to hold this coming summer a language camp to prepare girls better for overseas camps and conferences. This will be most valuable to them and make everything they do away from home deeply meaningful.

*Eleanor Roosevelt*



1



2

Because unity of dress reflects unity of purpose and ideals, the Girl Scout wears her uniform with pride. Forty years ago the first uniform was navy blue (1). In 1913, khaki was adopted. Variations through fifteen years included bloomers for sports (2) and the classic coat dress (3). The gray-green color was voted for in 1927. For over twenty years Girl Scouts have been identifiable as "the girls in green" (4) The uniform was redesigned to its present style in 1948



3



4



# WIN!

## A 2-WEEK AIR TRIP TO...



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### OR HOLLYWOOD

Enjoy a stay in the movie capital of the world. Tour famous studios, see how movies are made. See the homes of your favorite stars. The thrill of a lifetime... yours for the winning.

#### READ THESE RULES

1. Any boy or girl not over 19 years of age and living in the United States, Hawaii or Alaska may enter, except employees of Sylvania, its advertising agencies or photo-lamp dealers and their families.
2. Prints must be in black and white, no smaller than 2 1/4" x 2 1/4" and must not have been previously published commercially.
3. Pictures should illustrate theme "Pets Are Fun". Entries are not restricted to pets belonging to the entrant; pictures may show any animal, fowl, fish, etc., tame or wild, to which the contestant has access for photographing (includes zoos, game preserves, etc.) All entries must be the original work of the contestant.
4. All entries become the property of Sylvania for advertising or publicity purposes and no prints will be returned. Releases must be available from any person shown in picture. Do not send negatives but they must be available on request from prize winners.
5. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation and a panel of photographic experts on the basis of (1) story-telling value of the picture, (2) originality of photograph in expressing "Pets Are Fun" theme, and (3) photographic quality.
6. Pictures must be taken with flashbulbs. You may enter as often as you wish but each picture must be accompanied by (1) the display panel from the outer wrapper of a sleeve of Superflash bulbs and (2) official entry blank or typewritten or printed copy thereof attached to the back of the photograph.
7. Name and address of your Superflash dealer must be listed on every entry blank.
8. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 26, 1952, received not later than May 6, 1952, and addressed to Sylvania "Pets Are Fun" Contest, P.O. Box 167, N. Y. 46, New York.
9. While Sylvania will make every reasonable effort to provide for the safety and comfort of the first prize winner and chaperone, Sylvania cannot assume any liability, financial or otherwise, to those persons unless resulting from Sylvania's negligence and will require appropriate releases from such liability.
10. Decision of judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. Contest is subject to all federal, state and local regulations. Winners will be notified within approximately one month after final closing date.
11. First prize trip must be taken during June or July of 1952.

## in the Sylvania Superflash® "PETS ARE FUN" Photo Contest

YOU'LL FLY ON **TWA**  
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Win first prize in this Superflash contest, and fly to New York or Hollywood. You choose the destination for yourself and one chaperone (your mother, big sister, or authorized guardian.) Your trip will last two weeks... ALL EXPENSES PAID BY SUPERFLASH!

ENTER YOUR ANIMAL PICTURES NOW!  
49 other valuable prizes! Easy to win!

2nd prize is a Stereo Realist Camera with Flash Attachment and Viewer. A Sylvania Clock Radio is 3rd prize. 4th to 10th prize winners get a case of Superflash bulbs each. 11th to 25th prize winners each get \$10 in photo supplies. Prizes 26 to 50 are photo supply checks worth \$5 each.

#### HOW TO ENTER "PETS ARE FUN" CONTEST

First, read the simple rules. Then, load up with Sylvania Superflash and get yourself a picture that says—*Pets are Fun!* Doesn't have to be a shot of your own pet. Can be of any animal, fish or fowl—tame or wild. Send your picture with entry blank from this advertisement, and display panel from outer wrapper of Superflash package. Send as many entries as you like. But each must be accompanied by separate blank and Superflash wrapper panel. Your Superflash dealer will supply you with extra entry blanks free. Enter now and often. Contest closes April 26.

USE THIS ENTRY BLANK! CONTEST CLOSING APRIL 26, 1952



# SYLVANIA

Sylvania Electric Products Inc., 1740 Broadway, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

Sylvania "Pets Are Fun" Contest  
P.O. Box 167, New York 46, New York

AG-1

Date \_\_\_\_\_

Picture Title \_\_\_\_\_

Camera Used \_\_\_\_\_ Superflash Bulb Size \_\_\_\_\_

Number of Bulbs Used \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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# The Campaign

by ERNIE RYDBERG

Illustrated by Stephanie

OUT OF THE corner of my eye I could see Maggie looking at her wrist watch. It was nearly two—almost time for our history class to be over. A feeling of restlessness surged over the room. Then the bell rang. Maggie was the first one out of the door with me right behind her. We scooted down the hall just as the supply-room window was being raised. Maggie fumbled in her purse for her receipt while the line behind us grew longer and noisier and pushier.

At last we held in our hands the annuals we had been waiting for so eagerly. "Come on, De V," said Maggie. "Let's get our books signed."

By this time we were becoming engulfed in the cramped hallway. Everywhere there were fellows and girls with annuals, all screaming for autographs.

I squeezed my way through the mob to a door and slipped outside. I sat down on a bench in the sunshine, my annual in my lap, and ran my hand over it gently. It was a lovely book. I would always be proud of it. I started to open it; hesitated. It wasn't my senior picture I was so anxious to see. Nor the one of the girls' basketball team. It was the dedication which meant so much to me. I could hardly bring myself to open the book. Whose name would I find in the place of honor on that important first page?



It began one dreary, rainy Saturday way back in January. Maggie and I were sitting forlornly on the davenport in front of the fireplace. My aunt Hazel was over by the big front window, correcting some examination papers. She was no help to our drooping spirits.

My Aunt Hazel has lived with us all my life. Sometimes it has been quite a strain. Aunt Hazel is small and severe. I used to study her serious face and wonder if she ever had any fun—ever really laughed long and loud at anything. She teaches English in our high school. And, brother, is she strict! You can imagine what this has done for my popularity.

On this particular afternoon, Maggie and I would have loved to turn on a sharp radio program. But you just didn't do things like that with Aunt Hazel correcting papers in the room. Mother was out in the kitchen baking cookies, and they smelled scrumptious. At least, *she* was happy, humming away as if it were a grand and glorious day. But, then, Mother is always happy.

"It ain't fair," grunted Maggie dismally.

"Isn't," corrected Aunt Hazel quietly.

"What isn't fair?" I asked.

"The weather. If it were fair, it would rain on days when we're cooped up in school. But no. It waits until we have planned a wonderful picnic at Picture Rocks, and then it rains, and it rains, and it rains. It isn't fair."

Just then Mother came in with a plate of hot cookies.

"I had an idea," she said, "that you girls were trying to figure out something new for your costume party. I've been thinking . . ." She picked up the red-plush photograph album that we have had forever, fingered through it, and put it down in Maggie's lap. We began to turn the pages and soon we were shrieking with laughter.

"Who's this?" howled Maggie.

"That's Mother," I grinned. "In her 'flapper' days."

The old round-top trunk was crammed with souvenirs of Mother's gay flapper days

"Would you look at that dress!" shrieked Maggie. "Comes just to the knees. And that waistline down at her finger tips. And that hat! It looks like a pot right out of the kitchen."

Mother was laughing, too. "Now that the roaring twenties are so much the rage," she went on, "in books and things, maybe you could have a twenties party. There are some dresses up in the attic like that. Maybe that very one."

"Really?" squealed Maggie. "Oh, boy!"

"Could we use them, Mother?" I asked.

"Why, of course. That is, if the moths haven't beaten you to them."

"Come on, De V," urged Maggie.

"Let's go see." She jumped to her feet, pulled me up after her. As we left the room, I noticed Aunt Hazel wasn't at the window. Sometime during our fun, she had left. That was like her.

Maggie and I hurried up to the attic.



We poked around in some boxes, but they held only dusty books, old dishes, and fruit jars. I opened a trunk with a rounded top. The upper compartment held a lot of papers, but when I lifted the top tray off, there, neatly folded, were exactly the dresses we were looking for. And the moths hadn't beaten us to them, either. Within two minutes we were trying them on and laughing ourselves silly in front of a big old mirror with a gilt frame.

"Don't you love this sash halfway to my knees?" Maggie exulted.

"It's darling," I assured her between giggles. "This lavender one is for me. Hey, there are some hats in this box. They're just like the one in the picture. Pots! Nothing else can describe them."

Finally we changed back into our regular clothes, folded up our chosen finery, and put the rest carefully back in the trunk. I lifted the tray to put it back when wham! one handle broke, and the papers went slithering all over the floor.

"Jiminy," I moaned. "Hey, Maggie, help me put this thing in the trunk." We put back the broken tray and started picking up the scattered papers. They were mostly newspapers that had turned yellow, old recipes, things like that. The last I picked up was a small sheet of paper: a letter, with THE PARKER FOUNDLING HOME engraved across the top. Maggie noticed it, too.

"A foundling home," she murmured. "That's an orphan home, isn't it?"

"Um-hum," I answered vaguely. I didn't realize until I had read the letter that it was something private. It was addressed to Grandpa and Grandma Sherman, and it said:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Sherman:

We are happy to inform you that our investigation has been satisfactorily completed.

Will you kindly call at our office on Saturday next, at ten in the morning, to sign the necessary documents and take custody of the baby girl you have selected?

Sincerely yours,

JOHN PARKER

Maggie and I stood there, completely stunned. I was so shocked and bewildered I couldn't think straight. I kept saying over and over to myself, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it."

"Well," said Maggie finally, "it explains a lot of things I've been wondering about for a long time."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Your Aunt Hazel. Oh, she's nice enough. But she's so quiet, kind of cross most of the time, and she never seems really happy. You know what I mean."

I nodded. "You think, then, that Aunt Hazel knows she's adopted?"

"Well, sure. She must know it. It explains everything. Figure it out, De V. This used to be your grandparents' home, didn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "They died when Mother and Aunt Hazel were young women. Shortly after Aunt Hazel finished college."

"Your Aunt Hazel has lived here," went on Maggie thoughtfully, "all these years. Oh, I know your mother and dad love her dearly and have done everything in the world for her. But you can imagine how she must feel. Sort of alone . . . sort of insecure."

I didn't say anything. There was a lump in my throat. Mother has always meant so much to me. For the first time, I pictured myself as an orphan. I didn't like the lonely feeling.

"But," I protested, "I've always read that adopted children don't feel insecure when they realize they were doubly wanted; that their parents went through involved legal matters to get them."

"Sure," agreed Maggie pointedly. "But your grandparents were the ones who did the adopting, not your mother. Maybe that has entered into your Aunt Hazel's thinking. Maybe that's the reason she acts like a lamb a lot of the time; kicks back at the world as she does the rest of the time."

That was just what I needed. I burst into tears. "I feel so sorry for her," I sobbed. "And I haven't always been as thoughtful of her as I might have been. I'm so ashamed."

Mother was calling us down to supper. I quickly dried my eyes, fixed my face. We both made a great effort at pretending to feel gay, giggling hysterically.

"Well," beamed Mother, "I'm glad to see you two have cheered up a bit."

After supper, while we were doing the dishes, Maggie suddenly had an idea. "Come on," she said, "let's go up in the attic again."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Never mind. Just pretend we're going to look for some more clothes."

We hurried up to the attic, turned on the glaring light. Maggie plunked herself down on a trunk. Her face was shining; her eyes were wide.

"I been thinking," she began slowly, "about your Aunt Hazel. Maybe she has had kind of a rough time. Maybe you and I haven't always been kind to her. Maybe the kids in school haven't either. She's prettry strict. But maybe we can do something about it—sort of make it up to her."

"How?"

"Well, I have been thinking, De V. You know how they chose the person to whom our high school annual is dedicated each year?"

"By secret ballot. Nobody but the staff knows who it is to be until the annual comes out. Hey, you're not possibly thinking . . ."

"Why not?" asked Maggie defiantly. "We have plenty of time. We could put on a campaign. There's no telling what one can do with a well-organized campaign. Take the movies for instance. Somebody discovers a starlet. You've never seen her. I've never seen her. But by the time one of her pictures comes along, we can hardly wait to see her. Why? Campaign. Publicity."

"You mean," I gasped, "that we start a campaign to get Aunt Hazel elected for the annual? Why, she wouldn't have a chance! The kids are scared of her. Maggie, this is ridiculous."

"Is it?" Maggie raised her eyebrows, looked at me steadily. "You really would like to do something nice for her, wouldn't you?"

"Of course," I agreed. "But I can't go around bragging about my own aunt."


"You don't have to. I'll start it going, keep it rolling. It's like a chain letter. I'll talk to several people a day. They'll talk to others. Honey, that's the way publicity campaigns are run. Of course, we have to be very subtle about it."

"But, Maggie, what could we say?"

"I don't know." Then she added defiantly, "But we (Continued on page 32)







# The Hero and the Drip

by CORINNE FRAZIER GILLET

Illustrated by Nina Albright

"I'll just break my date with that drip!" Polly Adams muttered with a determined shake of her short gold curls. Whoever heard of asking for a date two whole months in advance anyway, even if it was for the spring prom?

But Don Curry was different. She could not say "no" to Don. She simply couldn't. Luckily, he had called when she was out and left the message with her brother: Please save the prom date for him; he would call back later for his answer. If she had answered the phone, she might have blurted out that she already had a date, before she had time to think.

Don, the biggest hero in school, asking her for an important date like this! Don was the football star—the man who had just clinched the championship with his miracle toe, as the newspapers said. He had kicked four field goals in the game against Eastern and the last one had been so daring that everybody gasped and held their breath as they saw him get set for a pass and then, in a lightninglike change, drop the ball and kick from the thirty-five-yard line. The longest kick he had ever made. It had won the game and city title for Western High.

It was true Don hadn't always played so brilliantly. There had been those who grumbled earlier in the season that he lacked courage in an uphill fight. Jealous gossip, Polly thought. She had missed the first three games when Western lost, but she had always known Don was marvelous, and after the title-winning kick, the whole school had agreed. Even the seniors were rushing him.

But he had asked her to the prom. How divine to go with him! What fun to tell Marge about it; to select a dress of the color he liked best—emerald green. He had told her last summer when she wore her green linen to the W-Club picnic that it made her eyes "bright jewels." Don had a slick line all right; nothing shy about him!

Polly stopped daydreaming and reached for the telephone. She would get this over with right now. What was Jerry Parker's number? He had moved to town only a few months ago and she didn't even know where he lived. The only dates she had had with him were casual ones, when he walked home from school with her on Friday afternoons. Impatiently, she picked up the telephone book and flipped the pages over toward the P's. Her eyes caught a name in passing, and pain stabbed afresh as she remembered the bitter disappointment, the humiliation, she had endured last year when Ned Moran broke their first dance date because a superswank invitation to a debutante ball came his way.

He had only asked Polly to his club

dance, she knew, because she was his cousin's best friend. Marge was going and had persuaded him to invite Polly. She could still feel the hurt to her pride when Ned had called to explain that he couldn't get out of this deb party because he had promised Rosalie Bainbridge long ago that he would be her escort when she made her debut. Only he hadn't known she would pick that particular night. He was sorry . . . he would get another date for Polly. He knew she would understand.

She had told him coldly that she understood perfectly, and declined his offer. That night she had cried herself to sleep. Remembering that experience, Polly found her hand reluctantly closing the telephone book. Even if it had been done to her, she couldn't do it to anyone else, especially to a boy who was new at school and as shy as Jerry Parker. He had stammered out his invitation that first time they had walked home from school together, as though Polly were an ogre instead of a classmate. She had seen him speak to no other girl in class, and to only a very few of the boys. He kept very much to himself. He was good-looking enough, she thought, with crisp dark hair and the whitest teeth she had ever seen, in a sun-tanned face. His brown eyes were serious, not sparkling and gay like Don's. But marvelous as Don was, she would have to say that "no." Regretfully, she put through the call and turned down the most exciting invitation she had ever had.

Spring borrowed an evening from summer for the night of the prom. The moon was full and the air soft and balmy. The stark winter outline of the great trees on the sloping lawn of Western High was already blurred and softened by budding leaves. As Jerry drove Polly up around the circular driveway, she felt a tingly thrill run down her spine despite the disappointment that had dulled her expectancy these past two weeks. Soon she would see Don; soon she would be smiling over his pleasure in the gown she wore. It was one of the new nylon chiffons with a square-cut neckline and accordion-pleated skirt, her mother's Christmas present. Green slippers to match had been her father's gift. Jerry's eyes had widened as she came downstairs! "Go-golly, you're beautiful!" he had stammered awkwardly.

Polly wished he would not stutter when he talked to her. His speech was smooth enough in class. Her heart sank as she speculated on the probability that his shyness would make him awkward on the dance floor. Then, she would appear awkward too, and how many boys would cut

in? A popular girl never danced a whole dance at a prom with the same boy. And tonight there was to be a prize rumba. Don and his partner would probably win it. She heaved a sigh as Jerry helped her carefully from the car, treating her as though she were made of glass and would splinter at his touch.

"You'd think I had one of those 'handle-with-care' signs on my back," she giggled to herself a moment later in the cloakroom.

Of course Don would ask her to dance, she reflected, and then she would have him all to herself. But she felt a twinge of jealousy at the thought of the blond visitor from Baltimore Don was escorting—Vera Langley, a friend of his from grammar-school days, who was in town for the week end. Marge and Polly had already sized her up as the most unpleasant of females, the greedy grabber who has to wow every boy in sight, and Polly knew she had not missed the chance to add Don, the football star, to her conquests.

Sunk in gloom, she left the cloakroom and gave Jerry a vague smile of assent when he suggested, "Shall we try this?"

She had danced halfway around the room, her eyes searching for Don, before she realized that Jerry was not awkward at all. He was almost as smooth as Don although, she decided, he probably was not the type for the rumba.

To her joy, Don asked Polly for the rumba before intermission, a warmup for the competitive number to come later, and he kept her away from the stag line. Dancing with him, she did not notice whether or not Jerry was on the floor, so she was wholly unprepared for the breathless excitement among the girls in the dressing room during intermission.

"He's terrific!" Peg Smith was exclaiming as Polly entered.

"He knows steps I never saw before—much less danced," Marge agreed.

"Gee, I hope he cuts in on me," someone else was saying when Polly finally made herself heard by fairly yelling, "Who, for goodness sakes—who?"

She was startled by a derisive shout from Marge. "You ought to know, Miss Innocence, he's *your* date! If you haven't danced the rumba with Jerry Parker, you . . ."

"You mean . . ." Polly interrupted with genuine astonishment.

"I'll say we mean . . ." Peg put in. "Don is sure going to have stiff competition."

"Vera's pretty slick," Polly reminded them, "and dancing with Don . . ."

"You and your Don!" Marge scoffed. "If you hadn't been so wrapped up in him, you would have seen Jerry doing his stuff with me. We passed right by you."



When is a hero not a hero? Polly  
learns fast in a gay story  
complete on these pages



With a hasty, "Be seeing you," Polly fled.

"Something has happened to Don Curry," Jerry told her as she rejoined him, "at least I think it's Don."

They edged their way through the crowd gathered about someone seated in a chair in a corner of the room, and saw that it was Don, holding his ankle, a look of pain on his face. "Oh, Don, what happened?" Polly cried.

"Don twisted his ankle coming downstairs," Vera answered sulkily. "So we're out of the competition."

"That's tough," Jerry exclaimed, and Polly added, sincerely, "That's a shame. I thought you two would win it."

"There goes the announcement now," Jerry said and led Polly back to the dance floor. Ten steps and she knew the girls were right. Jerry was super! And could he lead! Polly could follow a strong leader even through unfamiliar steps, and for this she was thankful. One by one, couples

were called off the floor until only Polly and Jerry remained, and the prize—a corsage of roses for Polly and a boutonniere for Jerry—was theirs.

"Where on earth did you learn those snazzy steps?" she murmured, as they walked off the floor.

"From Mother," he said, smiling down at her. "She spent several years in Brazil. She wants to meet you, Polly," he added. "She asked me to bring you over to her club—the Seagrave—tonight for a supper snack. Mind if we skip the last few dances here?"

Polly said no, but her eyes anxiously sought the corner where Don had been sitting. He and Vera had gone. His ankle must have been hurt badly to force him to take Vera home this early.

As she went for her wraps she began to feel excited over Jerry's invitation. She would be the first of her group to go to the swanky Seagrave Club. None of the parents of her crowd were members. Wait until she told Marge tomorrow!

When they entered the big room where the supper dance was in progress, Polly could not believe her eyes. There was Don Curry—dancing! He was with the Darby girl, whose father was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the community. From the way they were bebopping she knew there was nothing wrong with his ankle.

It was all clear to her now. He must have faked the injury because he had seen what an expert dancer Jerry was when she had been too blind to see; and he did not want to enter any contest, even a rumba contest, he could not win. What's more, he had made Vera miss the rest of the prom so he could go to this supper dance with Elaine Darby. He had thought he would be perfectly safe because none of their group ever went to the Seagrave. The boys were right about him: he was a poor loser and a poor sport. Hero, ha! Don was the drip. She turned and gave Jerry her most dazzling smile.

THE END

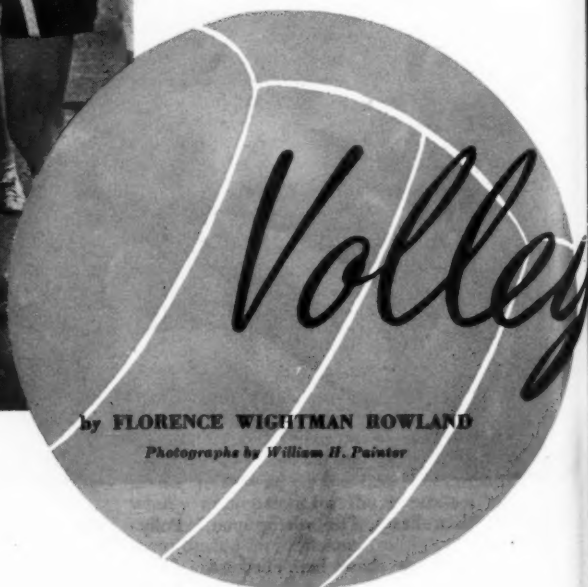


An exciting moment in this game which can be played right in your own back yard

of at least six feet, six inches from the ground.

A regulation volleyball is usually from twenty-six to twenty-seven inches in circumference, weighing not less than seven and not more than ten ounces. However, a heavier ball can be used out-of-doors with good results, but it should not be heavier than twelve ounces.

While you'll probably need to adapt the rules to suit the place you have to play in, and the number of persons playing, a few essentials are important. In all official matches the game is played with two teams of six members each. The players are numbered from one to six. For their positions on the court, take a look at the left half of the diagram on the next page. If a team has more than six players, place them as in the right half



by FLORENCE WIGHTMAN HOWLAND

Photographs by William H. Painter

**V**OLLEYBALL is a grand game. It combines the teamwork of football, the jumping of basketball, the arm movements of handball and the placement shots of a tennis match.

It can be a "just-for-fun" pastime providing mild recreation for the amateur, or it can be a fast, highly competitive sport that is a real challenge even to a skilled athlete.

Going on a picnic? Take your volleyball gear along. The equipment, including collapsible net supports, can be stored in a few moments in an automobile trunk and assembled in a few moments on any picnic site. Try it, too, as an exciting activity for the beach, mountains, or playground. It is one of the few sports that require no change into specially designed clothes or shoes. You may play in dresses or slacks, in jeans or bathing suits.

Way back in 1895, William G. Morgan, then director of a Y.M.C.A. gymnasium in Holyoke, Massachusetts, invented volleyball because he wanted a game that

would keep more players busy on a small space than basketball could.

Its name was taken from the game of tennis where, in a volley stroke, the ball is struck *before* it touches the ground. This is the idea of the game of volleyball—to keep the ball in the air all of the time by striking it forward and upward with one or both hands.

The rules are few, easy, and quickly learned, so let's take a look at the how's and why's of volleyball.

Although the game can be played on back lawns or in driveways of varying sizes, the official dimensions of the court are sixty feet long and thirty feet wide. The sixty-foot lines are called the side lines; those at the ends, the end lines.

The net should be three feet deep and thirty-two feet in length when stretched, with as little sag as possible. Hang it so that the top of the net will be at a height

of the diagram. In case you can round up only four to a side, they will have to step rather lively to cover the ground, but with two playing the net and the others dividing the area near the end line, a rapid game can result. However, no fewer than four players is recommended, and no more than twelve, for overcrowding the courts slows up the action.

In volleyball only the service strokes need to be explained in detail. These are the underhand serve and the overhead serve. For beginners the open-hand underhand serve is the easiest to learn. In this serve, hit the ball with either the palm and fingers or the heel of the open hand. Today, the majority of players

prefer this open-hand method. A few like to use the closed fist while serving, but accuracy in placement is much harder to achieve. A good plan is to try them both, then perfect the one that scores the most points for you.

Here are the points to remember about the underhand serve: First, stand with both feet behind your own end line (see diagram). This place is called the serving area. Now, hold the ball in your left hand. Then turn fully sideways, so that your left shoulder is toward the net. Swing your right arm out and back as far as possible—then bring your right arm (hold it stiffly) forward and under to strike the ball hard and send it over the net. Your body will follow through naturally with this swing. It takes considerable force to make it travel from your end line over the net and into your opponents' court.

For overhead serving stand with your left side toward the net, too, as you toss the ball high above your head and strike it in much the same way as you hit the ball in tennis during the service stroke. This type of service is more difficult to accomplish, harder to control, and requires greater endurance and strength. For this reason it is not generally used by younger players.

If you need to improve a weak service stroke, practice against a playground backstop, or invite someone who also needs such a workout to practice with you. From the proper distance on the end line, you serve to your practice pal and she to you. Do not attempt to return these strokes, but catch the ball; then repeat the service until you begin to get the "feel" of it. When you have reached this point, you will know it, for you will find that you can direct the ball so that it drops lazily over the net, or you can hit it high.

When you are ready to begin the game, the captains of the teams usually toss for choice of courts and first service. In the service, only one try is allowed. If the served ball touches the top of the net before it falls into the opposite court, it is called a "let" stroke, and another turn is given the server.

Let's call our teams "A" and "B." Number six on team A serves first (see left side of diagram).

If the server hits a weak ball, a member of his team may assist the ball over the net. It is a good idea for each one to watch the serve carefully, in order to be ready to speed the ball on its way should it wobble or fail to reach the net. However, only one assist stroke is allowed for each serve.

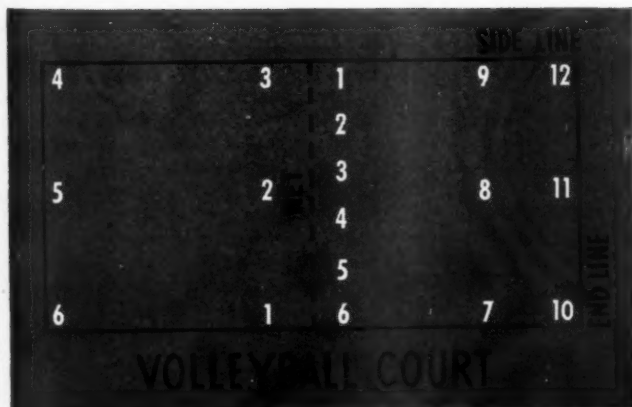
After a successful serve, team B tries to return the ball over the net. From there on, each team strives to keep the ball in the air, (Continued on page 42)

**Top:** The open-hand underhand serve, easy to learn and best suited to the beginner or younger players

**Below:** The overhead serve, which requires more strength and endurance, is used less frequently



# that Ball!



Looking for a game that can be played indoors or out, any season of the year? Fast-moving volleyball is your answer



THE STORY SO FAR: The Howard twins, Penny and Pam, looked exactly alike, but gay, lively Pam was socially adept and popular, while Penny was serious and shy. When they moved to Glenhurst, where their youthful, attractive mother opened an interior decorating shop, Pam immediately made friends with Randy Kirkpatrick and Mike Bradley, the most popular boys in school. Penny, yearning to be as poised as her sister, found herself hoping that Pam would prefer Randy because she, herself, was attracted to Mike and she knew she could never compete with Pam for a boy's interest. Then for the first time Penny went ahead on her own, joined the staff of the school magazine, and found that Mike was the editor. Pam, unprepared for a trig test, persuaded Penny to take it in her place, and Mike helped Penny out of the ensuing embarrassing situation. Gradually Penny became an individual to him—not just Pam's sister—though he was still fascinated by Pam. In a burst of friendly sympathy, Penny confided to Mike that ignoring Pam was a sure-fire way to pique her interest. Penny saw a lot of Mike during the holiday gaieties which were fun for all the Howards. Refusing Pam's offer to wangle a date for her, Penny planned a New Year's Eve party for her crowd, including Mike.

#### PART FIVE

# Double Date

by ROSAMOND DU JARDIN

Illustrated by John Fernie



PENNY'S New Year's party went off very well. She and Maggie had figured out enough games to keep things from slowing down. In between they played records and danced a little. Gran and Lucius Hancock presided over the delicious buffet supper. At midnight there was a raucous tooting of horns and bursting of balloons. All of them, including Gran and Lucius, locked arms in a circle and sang "Auld Lang Syne." It was all gay and informal and lots of fun.

After the other guests had gone, Lucius thanked Penny for letting him come.

"New Year's Eve," he confided, "is a dismal occasion to spend alone."

"I was glad to have you," Penny told him, her voice a little choked.

Lying abed late the next morning, Pam and Penny discussed their respective New Year's Eves in detail. The club dance had been wonderful, according to Pam. The only flaw had been Paul Gerard's devoted attentions to Mother.

"Of course, it's her own business," Penny said. "If she and Randy's uncle should fall in love, we'd just have to make the best of it."

Pam nodded. "I suppose so. But do you think he'd want her to go off somewhere with him if they married?"

Penny wondered, too. Like Pam, she hated to think of any of the circumstances of their life changing. Yet her mother's happiness was important.

Once the holidays were past, it was only a hop, skip, and jump until the birthday of the twins in late January. But during those weeks just before she became seventeen, something quite wonderful happened to Penny.

The first time Mike phoned and asked to speak to her, Penny thought he must be

calling about some "Crier" business. But no! He wanted to know if she would go with him to the Drama Club play. He was asking her, Penny, for a date! As soon as she could catch her breath, Penny said she'd love to go.

After she hung up, Penny sought out Pam in their bedroom, where pale winter sunshine streamed in between the plaid gingham drapes. There was something she had to know.

"Pam, tell me, did Mike ask you to the play first?" Penny braced herself for the answer by reflecting that it was better to be second choice than no choice of Mike's at all.

But Pam shook her head. "No, he didn't. Not that I could have gone with him if he had. Spark asked me a week ago. We're double-dating with Susan and Randy."

"We're double-dating with Maggie and Bob," Penny confided. Happiness was a warm glow within her. She hadn't been second choice, after all.

Penny couldn't have enjoyed the play more if it had been the newest Broadway hit. Mike seemed to have fun, too. Still, after that evening, she was half afraid to count on another date with him. But her doubts proved unfounded. Mike took her out several more times during the weeks that followed. They went ice skating and to the movies. Often, after they had been working on the "Crier," Mike would suggest stopping at the Hangout on their way home from school for a coke.

Penny was so happy it scared her a little. This was better than her dreams, because this was real—this wonderful, gradually ripening friendship with Mike. No longer did she have to imagine how it would be to indulge in long discussions with him on every subject under the sun.

They talked about books and poetry, school affairs, life in general.

Pam was a little piqued over Mike's attentions to Penny. "You shouldn't be so obvious about liking him," she warned. "It goes to a man's head."

"Mike's not like that," Penny said confidently.

"You needn't talk as though I don't know what Mike's like." Pam's tone carried a note of exasperation. "I've gone out with him more than you have."

"I know," Penny said. "But we're good friends, Mike and I. And when two people are friends—well, it just seems as if they understand each other."

Pam sighed. An annoyed sigh. Penny thought, if she didn't have more dates than she can keep up with, I'd almost think she was jealous. But that's silly . . .

Later, looking back, it was easy for Penny to see different signposts that should have caught her attention sooner, if she had not been so blinded by her admiration for Mike. The way he seldom spoke of Pam and yet was particularly attentive to Penny whenever Pam happened to be around. The way he always wanted to go to the Hangout, where Pam was likely to see Penny and him together. But Penny, happily blind and blindly happy, didn't notice.

And then there came a night when Pam went out with Spark Matthews and Mike dropped over to see Penny. Mother was playing bridge at the Kirkpatricks', and Gran went to bed fairly early to read a detective story. When Pam and Spark got home, Penny and Mike were sprawled comfortably on the floor in front of the record player, eating popcorn and listening raptly to Liszt.

"Honestly!" Pam exclaimed, stepping over them in disdain and sitting down



This was better than her dreams,  
because this was real, this wonderful,  
gradually ripening friendship with Mike



on the couch. "Is this your idea of fun?"

Spark flopped down heavily beside her. He grinned at Mike, asking, "How do you get away with an evening like this? Pam's more expensive to entertain."

"Yes," Mike said. "I know."

He was looking directly at Pam as he said it. Pam didn't say anything. She simply sat there, looking at Mike.

"That's right," Spark chuckled. "You switched twins in midstream, didn't you?"

The silly words, the rich sweet music in the background, scarcely touched Penny's consciousness. She was aware only of the way Pam and Mike were looking into each other's eyes, each unwilling, or unable, to withdraw his gaze. Watching them, it seemed as though a heavy hand closed around Penny's heart. Something in that look passing between Pam and Mike was too revealing. Penny couldn't ignore it, or pretend it wasn't happening, much as she would have liked to. Why, she thought, the old spark of Mike's interest in Pam hasn't died. I simply persuaded myself that this was the case because I wanted so desperately to believe it. But Mike is just as crazy about Pam as ever. His look reveals that.

"It should have been plain enough, even to a dope like you," Penny told her-

self. "You were the one who told him how to get her interested again." Mike had merely followed her advice. He had gone a bit farther and pretended to be interested in someone else, a tried-and-true device. And you fell for it, Penny thought wretchedly. You believed he really liked you, because that was what you wanted to believe. Because you were friends, it didn't occur to you that Mike would use you as a decoy. It's really Pam he wants; it has always been Pam.

The bitter hurt within Penny swelled and grew until it seemed that her body wasn't big enough to contain it. She was vaguely aware of the voices of the others; she even took part in the conversation. But the record she was holding snapped under the pressure of her fingers.

"Hey!" Mike said, grinning at her. "Don't you know your own strength?"

He picked up the broken pieces and Penny took them from him and dropped them into the wastebasket.

"It wasn't a very good one," she said casually.

Eventually the hateful evening was over. Lying in bed in the dark, long after Pam had fallen asleep, Penny kept her arms locked tight across her chest above the hurt. She wouldn't go out with Mike again. She wouldn't continue to be merely a means by which he could win Pam back. Let Pam have him if she wanted him. She was welcome.

But hot tears squeezed themselves from under Penny's lashes just the same . . .

The next time Mike asked Penny for a date, she said she was busy. And the time after that. She avoided him at school, too, except when their work on the "Crier" threw (Continued on page 38)



### Bold and Shy

First Poetry Award

*Shy things are beautiful,  
The squirrel and the deer,  
The sly fox  
Who hunts at night,  
The rabbit who cowers  
At the sight of man,  
The young mare  
Who stands by her colt.*

*Bold things are beautiful, too,  
The bear who stares,  
The cat and dog  
Whose kittens and pups  
Purr and bark,  
The old stallion  
Who has no fear of man.*

LYNNDA ANNE KUDERNA

(age 12)

Bloomfield, New Jersey

### Orange Candle

First Poetry Award

*It flickered—  
As if trying to speak,  
It leaped—  
As if trying to free itself,  
It slowly died down—  
As if tired of trying.*

BEVERLY JOHNSON

(age 16)

Charleston, West Virginia



### Art Award

DIGNA VAN ROIJEN  
(age 12) Washington,  
District of Columbia

Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, and drawings. Turn to page 43 for details

### These Things I Love

Nonfiction Award

These things I love:

The sound of the wind humming in pine trees; the smell of pine needles on moist earth; the wistful expression of anything young; sunrise and sunset on the sea, or anywhere; a good song; a good boat with trim lines; the stiff breeze that blows from the gulf; the gentle one that stirs the elms on a hot summer day; walking alone to church when there's fall in the air; waking up to discover suddenly that it's fall, or spring, or summer, or winter; a sailboat on the sea; the smell of new-mown hay, or of new-cut grass; the sound of a good choir, and the pleased expression on its director's face; to stroke the silken muzzle of the highbred racer, or of the outcast mules; the little wind that stirs through the crowd when the flag is being raised at a football game; any sea story, or any sea; to see a winner shake a loser's hand; to see them take Old Glory in before a rain, or raise her to a cloudless morning sky; snow; to hear the frosty, ghostly train whistle from across town at midnight; a new moon; an old moon, or any moon at all; roses, or daisies, or common dandelions; jets streaking through the sky, or a sparrow, or anything that flies; the momentary glimpses at eternity that a fellow gets in his life; a good athlete; a good sport; mountains; valleys; kittens; walking in a light rain, or watching a heavy thunderstorm; teamwork; a good leader; a good follower; a good speaker; a good listener; a shady street leading peacefully, serenely away from a hot one; a weeping willow, or a gnarled oak; the lined face of age; or the sparkling one of youth; and life itself, to do with it what we will.

NORMA CULLEN (age 16) Birmingham, Alabama

Art Award LINDA MILLER (age 13) Miami, Florida



### Temptation

Fiction Award

Joan rapidly looked over the summary of the history unit on which she was soon to have a test. History was one of her weak subjects and these unit tests really sent the shivers up her spine. Her last moments of study were broken up by the shrill sound of Miss Thompson's voice. With an air of authority the middle-aged teacher told the pupils to become ready for the test. Joan slipped the summary into her desk quickly, then grasping her pen tightly, wrote the heading on the paper that lay on her desk. Miss Thompson began writing the questions on the board.

At first Joan didn't have too much trouble as she had studied some, but when she reached the tenth question the answer to which was a date, a puzzled expression came over her face. Then a vague plan began to form in her mixed-up mind. She gave her classmates a glance. They were all working diligently and Miss Thompson, after inspecting her students' work so far, was busy at her desk. Now was the time; no one would notice just a little peek. Would that be cheating even though you think you know the answer, but just want to make sure? Yes, Joan, who never was anything but honest, was thinking of doing something dishonest. She gripped her desk lid firmly and slowly began to lift it up. Within the few seconds she held it, she thought of many things concerning honesty; the sermon she heard the previous Sunday at church—"Rather fail than pass unfairly"—were the minister's words. She also remembered reading in the newspapers about students cheating in the colleges and how disgusted her friends and herself were when discussing it. Yet even in a small way, she was about to do the same thing. Just then she sneezed loudly which aroused some of the students and they turned in their seats. Then as she felt eyes upon her, Joan turned around trembling in her chair. The desk lid, which she was holding all this while, dropped. She thought of only one thing now; Miss Thompson knew of her scheme! What a fool I am, she thought, these next moments will be the most embarrassing in my life.

However, to the amazement of all, Miss Thompson said, "It's all right Joan; you may open your desk for a handkerchief if you need one."

"Thank you, Miss Thompson," said Joan, still shaking. Yes, it was a close call and the few seconds she took to make her decision against cheating saved the day. Joan went back to her work and put down the answer to the tenth question, which she was now sure was the correct one.

As she left the class later, the calm Miss Thompson stopped her. "Joan," she said in her serene way, "don't ever be afraid to open your desk for something you need. Pupils like you I trust thoroughly." After giving her a pat, she walked away.

Joan walked down the hall slowly, fighting the tears. Benjamin Franklin was right, "Honesty is the best policy" by far!

HELENE PASQUIER (age 13) Allendale, New Jersey

## A Dash of This, a Pinch of That

Nonfiction Award

Take a teacup of rain clouds and stir into three or four romping children, depending on size. Beat some snow and fresh air until they stand in peaks. Chill three frosty mornings and some narcissus until very cold. This may take overnight. Chop three or four daffodils and some sprouting green grass into a pan. Add some fading winter and coming summer. Heat this mixture, stirring frequently, until it is boiling hard. Remove pan from heat. Add a dash of budding leaves and a pinch of March's wind. Put two lovesick couples and five or six starlit nights into a jar and shake. Sift into the mixture two cups of wild flowers or tulips. Add some chirping birds for flavoring. For frosting mix some Easter eggs and dandelions.

In Missouri this recipe makes a confection called SPRING.

MARY JO JOHNSTON (age 13) Pittsburg, Kansas



### First Art Award

JEAN BIERNESSER (age 17) Renova, Pennsylvania

### The Good Egg

First Fiction Award

The six girls lay sprawled in a rough semicircle in the center of the floor. Between them, a kerosene lantern cast flickering shadows into the darkened dormitory as they handed around the salami, crackers, and finally the jam and peanut butter. Renee, stationed near the door as a lookout, accepted her portion gratefully, and with a lot of giggling and whispering, they settled back to enjoy their midnight snack and pass around the latest gossip.

Fuzzy and Janet sang (in lowest of voices, of course) a funny song about a sailor which left the girls weak with laughter. Some corny jokes were told, each receiving the familiar groans and chuckles, and before very long, Frances started a round-robin ghost story. The lantern flickered eerily on the cold-cream covered faces and bobby-pin plastered heads, and the six huddled together apprehensively.

Renee leaned back against the door, munched

her crackers and jam and listened to the story which was now in Susan's capable hands. Just as the heroine met up with the Man from Mars, Renee heard someone in the outside corridor give two gentle taps on the door. She jumped, and in a hoarse whisper ordered the others to be quiet. After a moment or two, the taps were repeated, and they all knew what that meant!

The penalty for midnight gatherings at Ivy Hall was severe, and the girls took turns serving as lookout at the end of each corridor to assure the others of a reasonably safe feast without having to pay the consequences later on. They all knew the code. Two taps meant that someone was in the hall below where the teachers slept, and if repeated, that they were coming up the stairs!

Quickly, Janet blew out the lantern and put it by the door near Renee. Once the room was dark, Fuzzy opened the door carefully and quietly so as not to make a sound. Iris, that night's lookout, scrambled in on her hands and knees, the curlers in her hair bobbing excitedly, and gasped, "Hurry! It's Owens, the new junior supervisor."

Fuzzy closed the door, turning the knob, and muffling it with her bathrobe to prevent creaking. There was a hasty shuffle as the boxes and jars were shoved out of sight, and the eight girls leaped into their beds. All of this was done smoothly, out of long practice. The room was now dark and quiet except for a nervous rustling of bedclothes and some muffled giggles. It was very still for a moment, and then Frances coughed loudly. The girls held their breath as she coughed some more and then stopped. Footsteps were now heard along the corridor and in a moment, Miss Owens looked in. She snapped on her flashlight and flashed it around the room, resting it for a moment on each of the eight beds. The girls tried to appear asleep. Miss Owens paused. Frances coughed again and turned heavily in her bed.

The supervisor flashed the light around the room again and since all was quiet, snapped the flashlight off. Again she paused, and then left the room. The girls breathed a sigh of relief, but none of them dared to get out of bed until they heard Miss Owens' light, quick steps echoing away down the hall. Then they scrambled out again, recovered the food, and joined each other again around the lighted lantern on the floor. Iris took her share of the food and left to resume her post down the corridor. Renee leaned back against the door and the others settled back to hear the rest of the story, finish their salami and crackers, and pass around a box of salted almonds before returning to bed for the rest of the night.

Meanwhile, downstairs in her room, Miss Owens sat on the edge of her bed rocking with laughter. "And then, Sarah," she gasped to her chuckling roommate, "after smelling that peanut butter and kerosene even out in the corridor, when I shone the light on Susan's dresser, there was a big salami!"

ELEANOR ROSEN (age 14) Brooklyn, New York

### To Each His Own

First Nonfiction Award

My family is talented. Father is a model-trains enthusiast. He has his own complete and complex train layout, and makes beautiful miniatures of trains and buildings and scenery. Mother plays the piano, besides being able to make the best apple pie, spaghetti, popovers, etc. in the State. Big Sister is a seamstress. With a little dye, a little thread-pulling, and a few stitches, she can transform the lowliest pieces of cloth into exquisite

scarfs and lovely tablecloths. Younger Brother is a craftsman in carving, woodburning, painting, block printing, model construction, and carpentry. He is also adept on the ukulele.

My friends are talented. Jane has a lovely soprano voice. David is studying to be a concert pianist. Polly delves in modern art. Bill plays first trombone in a symphony orchestra. Margie raises horses.

Anthony, the dog, sings harmony with the town fire siren. Tuffy, feline, catches mice and butterflies. The goldfish is expert in swimming and diving.

I, also, am talented. What am I talented in? I admire.

With all this talent oozing around, there has to be some one to appreciate and admire it. Being unable to discover any personal abilities, arts, or aptitudes, I have taken it upon myself to develop this art of admiring.

It is an art.

I sit and listen to David play Beethoven, Bach, or Czerny for hours, with just the right degree of rapture on my face.

I examine Younger Brother's hand-blocked clothes with wonderment and pride lovely to behold.

I generously and eagerly sample Mother's culinary creations. (Not too much effort involved in this one.)

I gaze appreciatively at Polly's modernistic masterpieces, with an intelligent frown between my eyes, nodding understandingly now and then as she interprets them for me.

I watch Father operate his trains for hours, with my ooh's, ah's, smiles, giggles, and questions coming at just the right moments.

I simply adore Big Sister's scarfs and pot-holders, insisting that she explain in detail every step of their creation.

I sympathize beautifully with Margie's bumps, bruises, and black eyes, and rejoice heartily at her blue ribbons and silver cups.

Admiration is an art, to be developed and utilized as thoroughly as every other art. People come from miles around to have me admire their various and sundry accomplishments. They bask continually in the warmth of my praise. I admire anything and everything.

Most of all, me.

SHIRLEY LYNN SCOTT (age 17) Vienna, Virginia

### Song of the Wind

Poetry Award

*I am the wind,  
The wild March wind,  
A lion set free from his cage  
And I howl o'er the earth  
In a terrible rage.  
I carry rain where e're I go  
That melts the winter ice and snow.  
I carry sun that after the rain  
Thaws out the water-logged earth again.  
And when I go,  
Why March is gone.  
And April comes with a gentler song.*

BARBARA FOLEY (age 11) Champaign, Illinois

### HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Taimi Magi (age 16) Union City, N. J.  
POETRY: Barbara Scott (age 11) New York N.Y.; Kay Smith (age 16) Brooklyn, N. Y.  
FICTION: Carolyn J. Davis (age 13) Monmouth, Ill.; Nancy Klingenberg (age 13) Boonton, N. J.; Cathy Federer (age 13) Los Angeles, Calif.  
NONFICTION: Frances Pearson (age 13) Southern Pines, N. C.; Carol Lubkin, (age 14) Jamaica, New York.





# Sense About Scents

by FAY ALCOTT  
Drawing by Clare McCanna

Fundamentals on being flower-fresh every day of your life

ONE OF THE MOST exciting things about being in your teens is knowing that you are now beginning to make your own pattern of living in so many new ways. When you were younger, it was Mother's pattern you had to follow. She was the one who said, "Darling, it's time to take your bath," or "I like you best in tailored clothes," or "Your room is a mess. Please clean it up!" Now you are arriving at the age when you are free to decide some of these things for yourself. Actually, what you are really doing is setting your own individual habit tracks for a lifetime. Once they become part of you, they're hard to change if you find later on you have not set them wisely.

This is especially true when it comes to the habits of personal care. Not the wonderful business of fixing yourself up for a party. That's not forming a habit—that's embarking on an adventure. A habit is something you do over and over again until it is as natural and requires as little forethought as breathing. We hear a great deal these days about beauty and glamour, but have you ever stopped to think how many attractive young women there are in the world who are by no means beautiful? They do, however, share one basic characteristic and that is a never-failing look of shining cleanliness. Everything about them is clean and—let us be frank about it—sweet-smelling. Certainly make-up and the right perfume must be given due credit for additional glamour, but no amount of make-up, no dabbing on of the most expensive and exotic of perfumes will spell out true attractiveness unless there is absolute cleanliness to start with. And this cleanliness comes from lifelong habit.

So, the first rule in laying the foundation for becoming an attractive human being is based on soap and water, the daily bath, the regular shampoo. It's awfully easy to skimp on the bath routine, to let days go by without washing your hair because you have so many other things to do. Are you saying to yourself, "I take a shower every day, or I get in the tub, don't I? I always wash my hair when I'm going anywhere special. What is all this fuss about anyway?"

Well, think back a minute to when you were a youngster. You were dunked in the tub every night. Except on hands and face there was no real dirt to wash off,

but just the same, every inch of you was gone over, and that went for the head, too. Soap may have gotten in your eyes, your ears, but your head emerged from its regular weekly shampoo shining like new-mown hay in the sunlight.

Why all this scrubbing then? To wake up the skin, to keep it alive and glowing, to help it eliminate all the body's waste, which is one of the functions of the skin. Why this eternal shampooing? Because the scalp has to be completely clean or hair will lose its natural gloss, and give off a sad little musty odor all its own.

Now that you are in your teens, this need for cleanliness to help the skin function properly is very much increased. Your body is changing from that of a child to that of a woman. All your glands are maturing, including those which govern perspiration. You must have noticed that you are now perspiring more noticeably than you did when you were younger, and that the odor is more insistent. Don't let this worry you unless the amount and odor is excessive. In that case have a checkup by your doctor.

Perspiration is nature's way of getting rid of acids and other by-products of the process of converting the food we eat into flesh, blood, and energy. You would be a very sick girl indeed, if you didn't perspire at all. Nature, then, sees to it that you do perspire. Because we cover our bodies with so many layers of cloth so much of the time, we do not allow the accumulated perspiration to evaporate. You have to scrub with soap and water to rid your skin of this perspiration.

By scrubbing we mean using a rough washcloth, well-lathered with soap, all over your body. If you have an oily skin, it is particularly necessary to pay special attention to your upper arms and back. A bath brush with a long handle is good to do a job with there. The penalties for not getting really clean between your shoulder blades are red blotches and little bumps which may turn into pimples. If you have already reached this stage, get someone to scrub your back for you, being careful not to break or irritate the skin. Be sure to rinse off all the soap. When you are dry, have her dab with hazel or a mild, astringent skin lotion on the spots. With this treatment and continued cleanliness, all should be well. But also take a look at any sweaters or jersey blouses you wear. (Continued on page 28)



*A short, short topper with full-flared sunburst back—our March Prize Purchase has raglan sleeves and deep, adjustable cuffs. In front, a trim shirt collar tops tabbed slash pockets. White is all-wool fleece with knit back; navy and colors in all-wool suède. By Worcester, in subteen sizes 8-14, it's value priced at about \$16. See stores on page 40*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BENEDICT

HAT BY RICHARD ENGLANDER

GLOVES BY DAWNELLE

BAG BY DELMO



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You'll rate lots of second looks in Suzette's full-skirted dress of exciting new cross-dyed piqué. Fabric is used on right and reverse sides to give a panel effect. Dicky-bodice is closed with loops and tiny jet buttons. About \$6



Cording from waist to hem makes Dell Tween's skirt "standaway" without crinolines. Detachable bodice is sleeveless. Of Everglaze cotton by Marcus Bros., about \$9. Organdy blouse, piped to match, about \$4

BACKGROUND PAINTINGS BY  
MIKE MIKSCH FOR GUNTHER-JAECKEL  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER  
GLOVES BY DAWNELLE  
BAGS BY PYRAMID  
HATS BY RICHARD ENGLANDER



# All Out for Easter

*Spring is in the air—flowers are budding, new chicks are chirping, and the robin is bursting his vest. So get into the swing of things by planning for the carefree weeks ahead! Select fashions with a future—versatile fashions that you can wear for Easter promenading, for parties, for now and long after. Subteen sizes 8-14.*

*You can buy them at the stores listed on page 50*



For Spring and long after—Joseph Love's princess dress of pinline piqué doubles as a sun dress. The large white collar is edged with navy loops. Left: Topped with the short white jacket, it's a town dress with the new Empire line. About \$8

Feel like a princess in a fitted coat of Cohama's rippleweave faille. Completely lined with checked taffeta, it has shirring at the hips for fullness. Sailor-type collar falls to a pointed cape effect in the back. By Little Empress, it's about \$25







PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BENEDICT

JEWELRY BY CORO

Young Sophisticates uses "baby" striped taffeta in a dress with a velvet stand-up wing collar and belt. Tiny jet buttons close the front; skirt has wide, unpressed pleats, about \$11. In teen sizes 10-16 at Gimbel's, New York City; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh

Sleeveless dress of pontung with a mandarin neckline has a shirred bodice, a full, flared skirt. Half zipper in back assures a trim fit. By Shirley Lee, in sizes 9-15 for teens, about \$13 at Burdine's, Miami and Saks 34th Street, New York City

Rhinestone-studded white faille underlines scalloped collar, cuffs of two-piece dress by Junior First. Fitted jacket and shirred skirt are stiffened at hips and hem. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$15. B. Altman, New York City; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

# Party Favorites

*Simplicity is the keynote of these dresses with a party flair.*

*Equally suitable for Sunday suppers or afternoon*

*teas, the emphasis is on crisp fabrics, jewel or*

*velvet touches, and wide swinging skirts*



# Guide for Gardeners

by ANDREW S. WING

Drawings by Irv Koons

**A** PLUMP, red, juicy tomato . . . sweet, sweet, corn . . . crispy lettuce . . . fresh from the garden.

Good eating? Of course. But suppose, due to strict nationwide rationing, your own garden became the chief source of your vegetable supply. Would you know how and what to plant? Chances are we won't have an emergency making this necessary, but even in normal times gardening is great fun.

If you live on a farm gardening will, of course, be a natural for you, and you will probably have plenty of room for your



own plot. Even so, don't undertake more than you can handle easily. About thirty to forty feet is a good size.

Those of you who live in small towns will no doubt have room either at home or in a vacant lot, but in the suburbs and cities it may be harder to find space. In this case, a community or group garden is often necessary. Sometimes a school or community group, or a Scout troop will club together using land provided free of charge by the city. But east, west, home is best, (because there is no transportation problem), so don't feel bad even if you can only have a little plot six by ten feet, in the back yard.

In any vegetable (kitchen) garden, there should be at least six hours of sunshine. The ideal garden spot is one that has loose, dark-colored soil with enough sand, clay, and organic matter in it so that it is easy to work, well-drained, and fertile. But almost any soil will do—as long as it isn't pure sand, gravel or rocks, heavy clay, or so light and chaffy that it blows away.

Perhaps your father or big brother will help you spade it up. If the plot is big enough, a plow can be used. In a large garden, where the rows are from fifty to seventy feet long, a wheel hoe can be

used to run back and forth in the rows. This saves time and hoeing, and makes hand weeding easier, for a wheel hoe uproots all weeds between the rows leaving only the weeds between plants to be pulled by hand. The rows should run north and south, if possible, to permit the sun to penetrate the rows better. If there is sunshine all day, however, this isn't so important, and the rows can run east and west.

If your garden plot is on a steep hillside, better run your rows around the hill in contours instead of up and down, so that gulleys won't form and wash your soil out, crops included! This is called "soil conservation" and is being practiced today by all good farmers and gardeners. Furthermore, this makes the work of cultivating and harvesting easier, because you don't have to work up and down hill. Another method, that helps to stop the flow of water during a heavy downpour, is to keep a grass strip between some of the rows (which is known as "strip cropping"). Grass or a cover crop, such as rye or rye grass, absorbs the water.

Your basic tools are few and most families already have them. These include a spade or spading fork, hoe, and iron rake. They are made in small sizes for women and girls.

It is also useful to have a sharp-pointed hoe or a scuffle hoe for weeding, and a trowel. For a large garden a wheel hoe is well worth its cost. To apply insecticides and fungicides you will need either a hand sprayer or a duster. A sprayer does a slightly better job, but a duster is handier to use and is good if used reg-



ularly. You will also need two stakes, preferably metal, and heavy cord to stretch between them to mark off rows.

If you borrow the tools, you can have a wee garden for a dollar or less! If you buy this equipment, including twenty to fifty pounds of plant food and insecticides, the cost should not be much more than \$8.00 to \$12.00, depending on the size of your garden and the number of tools bought. Check with your hardware dealer or a good seed catalogue for the best tools for your needs.

Now, what to plant? This is the big question and deserves a family huddle. There's no point in growing vegetables your family doesn't like, so get a couple of seed catalogues and go through them carefully, marking everything you'd like to grow. Then have your father and mother and perhaps other members of your family do the same.

After deciding what you'd like to plant, make up a plan of your garden on graph paper or cardboard, using a scale of four feet to the inch. (Continued on page 40)



9018



**9018:** With a portrait neckline and flaring skirt on which scallops give a dainty overskirt effect, this is a compliment-catching date dress for sizes 11-17. Many of the spring's lovely new fabrics would be nice for this, especially taffeta, taffetized cotton, or a crisp Lonsdale broadcloth. Size 13 will need  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 39" material

**4503:** A frock for sizes 11-17 that is fresh as a spring breeze in a bright Avondale piqué stripe. Co-ordinate the waist-beltitling belt and tie bow with one of the colors in your material. It is easy to make, with full-gathered skirt, and sleeves cut in one with the bodice. Size 13 takes  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35" fabric,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard contrast

**9227:** The shoulder-strapped bodice can make this a play or a party dress, depending on the material. With either, button on the brief cape, and you're ready for town. In our sketch, a dress of Dan River tissue gingham is topped with a Bates broadcloth cape. Sizes 10-16. Size 12 takes  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards 35" material,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards contrast

# *Early-Bird Fashions*





### Each Pattern 30¢

*These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44 Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a handy, clip-out order blank, please turn to page 50.*

Drawings by Florence Maier

**4530:** Caught in trimly with one of the smart wide belts, you have a crisp daytime dress, easy to slip on, easy to wear. In a plain or figured material, it becomes the loose coat so handy to wear over light frocks. A Dan River Wrinkled cotton would be a good choice for this. Sizes 12-18. Size 16 calls for  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39" material

**4732:** A good-looking topper is practically a must for any girl's spring and summer wardrobe—as a chill-chaser, or to lend a bit of dash to a dress or suit in need of a pickup. This one is simple to make, and takes only one yard of 54" material. The pattern includes a longer version, too. For sizes A (11, 12); B (13, 14) and C (15, 16)

**9356:** Long, slenderizing lines are accentuated by hip flaps in this princess dress for sizes 11-17. The little spencer with choir-boy collar which goes with it is as cute as its own three buttons. Taffetized shantung or cotton chambray would be good fabric selections. Dress and spencer, in size 13, will require  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards 39" material



## Keep your Balance, Teen Gal!

**YOU** be the neat trick with the trim stance. And garnish your glamour with poise, good manners and perfect grooming from the skin out!

### Social error No.1

That's underarm perspiration odor, natch! Avoid it like mad. Teen-agers can offend same as "older" people—so play safe, be sure you're always nice to be near.

The confined underarm area encourages odor-causing bacteria. You need protection every day—the new *finer* kind thousands of sweet young things get with new *finer* Mum.

### New Mum contains M-3

...a practically magic ingredient that protects against odor-causing bacteria. No wonder softer, creamier new Mum with M-3 stops odor longer!



**Ever-so-gentle** new Mum is a really super cream deodorant. Safe for normal skin, contains nary a harsh ingredient—won't rot or discolor your finest fabrics. What's more, new Mum is the *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

You'll like Mum's just-right dash of flower fragrance—and the way this marvelous cream stays smooth and usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. So join the charm brigade—get new Mum today.



### FREE LEAFLET...

send for "NOW is the Time." It's crammed with helpful hints. And ask your Leader to request *free* complete Group Program on Good

Grooming, including colorful Wall Chart, Poster, Manual with leaflet for each girl. Bristol-Myers Co., Educational Service Dept. AG-32, 630 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

## Sense About Scents

(Continued from page 20)

They must always be immaculately clean, for soiled wool (even if no dirt shows) can irritate your skin. If you need to avoid this danger, it is wise to wear a thin blouse under your sweaters.

What about deodorants? Definitely yes, in winter, not only for the sake of your clothes but for your companions' sake as well! As for the rest of the year, your use of deodorants is an individual problem depending on how much you perspire, what sort of a life you lead, and how you dress. If you live out-of-doors in the summer, wearing the minimum amount of clothing and bathing regularly, you may not need any.

Deodorants may be bought in either cream or liquid form. The cream form is usually milder. Deodorants do exactly what their name implies: destroy the odor of perspiration. They are not to be confused with antiperspirants which actually *prevent* perspiration from occurring for a limited time whenever they are applied. Many people use deodorants every day, but change to an antiperspirant for underarm use when they are wearing a party dress.

When the groundwork of personal cleanliness and freshness are well-fixed habits, you can then begin to think about "gilding the lily" with some form of scent. Remember that a few drops of perfume go a long way and with all the wonderful variations, such as flower mists, toilet waters, and colognes on the market today, perfume is not an absolute necessity. But the most attractive women in the world *do* use scent in some form so that all day, and every day, there is an aura of enchanting fragrance about them and everything pertaining to their appearance. Delightful for you is toilet water, or one of its variants, to flick behind your ears and on your wrists just before you go out to a party, or to refresh yourself on a hot day. (Try a few drops in the last rinse of your shampoo, too.)

Ever pick up a tiny baby and think, Ummm—she smells so sweet! Baby powder, deliciously scented as a May morning, brings that rave. So be lavish with bath powder, and go on from there to sachet envelopes in your bureau drawers, sachet bags to loop over the hangers in your bedroom closet.

But—and this is a Big One—do try to have everything from your bath or talcum powder on up perfumed in the same fragrance. It's fun, of course, when you first begin to take an interest in the glamour department of your life to try out different types of fragrances to see which "suit your personality" best. But the quicker you settle down to one scent, the more adult your approach to personal care will be.

Perhaps there are times when all this emphasis on personal attractiveness will seem to be a lot of fussing. But the truth is being as personally attractive as you possibly can is neither a waste of time nor idle vanity. It is not only a mark of self-respect but one of respect for the people who are associated with you. It means that you know the value of good order and charm for the encasement of your mind and spirit, just as a good housekeeper knows that a clean, fresh-smelling house is a compliment to the family that lives in it. She doesn't wait till the guests are at the door before she starts to tidy up the house. She keeps it that way all the time!

THE END



## Spring time... Love time...

You — at your best — in a so feminine and flattering iridescent tissue chambray dress — with double collar and pretty pocket set off by bows. Black velvet tie belt. In red, blue, and lilac. Subteen sizes 8-14.

About \$8.00.

For the store in your city write: Joseph Love, Inc., 1333 Broadway, New York 36.



# "Good Citizen-U.S.A."

*That's what your Girl Scout uniform says  
about you every time you wear it. It identifies  
you as a helpful, capable member  
of your community. Wear it with pride!*

*So much more than just a uniform . . . it's a  
smoothly tailored dress, styled to be admired.  
Green cotton covert, Sanforized and washable.*

Uniform, 8-20	0-100 — 6.50
Half Sizes, 10½-16½	0-100C — 6.50
Tie in troop color	0-120 — .60
Web Belt, 24-42"	0-130 — .50
Beret, 21-24"	0-144 — 1.50
Socks, 8½-11	7-101 — .50

*Only a registered Girl Scout may wear this uniform . . .  
buy it at your local Girl Scout Equipment Agency.*

**GIRL SCOUTS of the U.S.A.**  
National Equipment Service  
New York—St. Louis—San Francisco

**This year Girl Scouting celebrates its 40th ANNIVERSARY!**







## ...her lips lead a "double life"

Smart high school and college girls everywhere are discovering *Lip Life*...the 2-in-1 lip make-up that lets your lips lead a "double life."

For, this wonderful *under-coat* enhances lipstick color, ends smearing and dry lips. And you can wear it *in place of lipstick* for "on campus" hours!

You'll love its creamy, kind-to-the-lips texture...its just-enough color that lasts right around the clock.

Best of all, when the sun goes down and your big date is on his way, *Lip Life* does double duty... gives lips double beauty. Simply put your favorite lipstick over it and lips stay bewitching all evening.

If you haven't already discovered *Lip Life*, try it today...at local cosmetic counters. Or use the handy coupon below.

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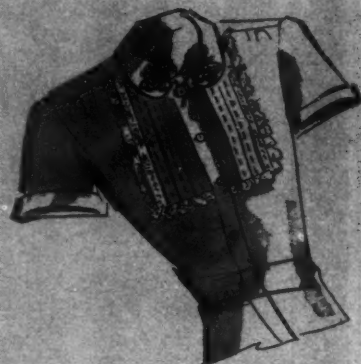
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talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Lil Weil



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## The Campaign

(Continued from page 11)

can think up something. Tell me everything you know about your Aunt Hazel."

I thought for a minute. "Well, when she graduated from State College," I began lamely, "she couldn't teach for three years. She had a nervous breakdown."

"That's just dandy," scoffed Maggie. "Great publicity."

Then I thought of something. "Maggie! All her old annuals are here in a box somewhere, I know. Here they are."

Maggie grabbed the book out of my hands. It opened at a page where there was a pressed flower.

"My gosh!" Maggie exclaimed. "She was just the campus queen, that's all! Would you look at this picture! Why, she's positively stunning. Phi Beta Kappa."

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Phi Beta Kappa. Only about the highest scholastic honor there is. 'Forward on the girls' State championship basketball team. President of the student body. Member of the glee club. Winner of the Brookman Essay Award.' De V," cried Maggie, "this is a publicity manager's dream. Are we dopes?"

"What do you mean, Maggie?" I asked.

"It's as plain as the nose on your face, De V. Look! Your Aunt Hazel was all of these things, and bingo! she has a nervous breakdown. Something must have brought it on."

Suddenly I realized what Maggie was driving at. "You mean . . ." I gasped.

"Sure. Somehow she found out she was an adopted child. It was a terrible shock to her. Maybe it broke up a love affair."

"Jiminy!" I moaned. "I bet you're right."

"All we have to do, De V," said Maggie excitedly, "is to make her feel important again. Secure. Popular. How about it?"

"We'll do it, Maggie," I said.

Maggie was terrific—a natural-born publicist. She worked quietly, unobtrusively, steadily—never missing a chance to get in a plug for Aunt Hazel. Personally, however, I felt Maggie was butting her head up against a stone wall. Then, all of a sudden, something happened.

I remember it was on a Friday night, along about seven thirty. The front doorbell rang. When I answered it I was astounded to find Duggie Martin standing there. Duggie is huge; he plays center on the football team, puts the shot, throws the discus and the javelin, and is considered one of our outstanding athletes. However, he has some trouble with his grades. But you could not blame that on girls. He has been known to cross the street just to avoid speaking to one.

"Hi," he grunted. "Is Miss Sherman in?"

"Yes, I think so. Come on in."

He stood stock-still. "Just tell her I'm in trouble. If I don't get my English grade up in a week I can't be in the big track meet on the twentieth. Maggie said Miss Sherman would help me. I'll wait here."

I gave Aunt Hazel the message.

"Of course I'll help him," she said, and went to the front door.

I have never heard Aunt Hazel's voice so gentle. She invited Duggie in, seemed to know just what to say to put him at ease. Soon they were poring over his problem and working out its solution.

The word spread around school like wildfire. The meet was an important one; Duggie

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was important to our winning it. For five nights in a row he graced our living room. Then, on the afternoon before the meet, he took the test. I'll bet fifty kids were waiting in the hall outside Miss King's classroom. Finally Duggie came out. We didn't have to ask how he did. All we had to do was to look at the broad grin on his face, and a roar went up from the gang.

We won the meet the next afternoon—by three points. Duggie came out first in the shot and discus, and third in the javelin.

"That was the break I'd been hoping for," said Maggie, as we walked slowly home.

"What do you mean?"

"It's going to be easier from now on," she murmured. "Your Aunt Hazel is set. Don't you realize it was *she* who won this meet today!"

Then there was our school prophecy. Nancy Jones was writing it. Only she wasn't doing too well.

"Why don't you get an assist from Miss Sherman?" asked Maggie. "After all, she's a Phi Beta Kappa, and I understand she won the Brookman Essay Award in college."

"She is?" gasped Nancy. "She did?"

Nancy was at our house that very night. She brought Florence Frame, our class poet, with her. They worked and chatted and laughed until after ten o'clock. When they left, I went to the door with them.

"Gee, De V," said Florence, "your aunt is wonderful."

"She sure is," agreed Nancy. "This is really going to be a prophecy."

Duggie, Florence, and Nancy all helped Maggie spread the word. Excitedly Maggie and I began to notice a change in attitude toward Aunt Hazel around school. And we noticed a change in Aunt Hazel herself. I remember one evening when she came in to supper. She looked awfully pleased—seemed to sort of glow. Halfway through supper she told us about it.

"The oddest thing," she began slowly. "This week there have been no less than half a dozen of my students who have come to me for help. Not only in English. Journalism, French . . . Anne Evans came in to talk about an essay she was doing. Somehow we got on the subject of basketball, and we talked for half an hour." Aunt Hazel smiled gently. "I think I surprised her a little."

After that Anne came frequently to discuss basketball problems with Aunt Hazel. Later, when I told Maggie about it, she chuckled.

"Just goes to prove what publicity will do," she grinned. "I told Anne—off the record, of course—that your Aunt Hazel once played on the State basketball team at teachers' college. Off the record," chortled Maggie. "I'll bet she's told half the school."

It was amazing. I mean, how different Aunt Hazel had become. I had been worried about how I could do my share—being more thoughtful of her at home and trying to be really chummy with her. But I didn't have to worry. It was easy. Aunt Hazel was so nice, I only had to be natural.

But I think Aunt Hazel's biggest moment came the night we won the State girls' basketball championship, and we had a big parade. I almost dropped dead when the team came along in the two convertibles with their tops down. Who should be there, in the back seat between the coach and Anne Evans, but Aunt Hazel!

As usual, Maggie wasn't a bit surprised. "You know," she said matter-of-factly as

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# TRUE OR FALSE?



## Smart girls dodge the raindrops on "those days"

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## Shy girls needn't "dodge" napkin-buying

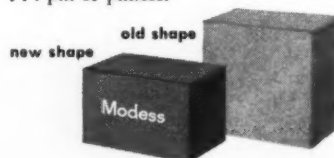
**TRUE:** You won't feel one iota of embarrassment when you carry the new-shape, secret-shape Modess box.

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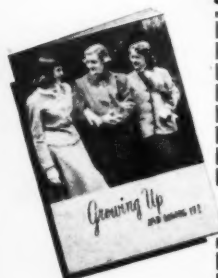
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we walked home after the parade, "Anne has been telling everyone we owe the championship to your Aunt Hazel."

I could wait no longer. I simply had to open my annual and find out about the dedication. With trembling fingers I opened my book and stared in amazement . . .

Yes, there was Aunt Hazel's picture, but it was the one that had been in her own college annual when she was a young girl. And on the opposite page was a lovely picture of her as she is today—the one she had had taken for the faculty section. Under it was this caption:

To Miss Hazel Sherman we gratefully dedicate this book. We wholeheartedly agree with her Alma Mater. She is a campus queen wherever she may be

The tears were trickling down my cheeks. I heard someone coming. I dabbed at my eyes, looked up. It was Maggie.

"You knew all the time, didn't you?" I said, trying to grin.

"Um-hum," beamed Maggie, "I swiped the old annual out of your attic."

We walked home arm in arm, not talking. I left Maggie at her door, went on to my house. I showed Mother my annual. She looked at it for a long time, smiling gently, happily.

"You have done what I've tried to do for years—you and Maggie."

"What you tried to do?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes. You have given Aunt Hazel the encouragement she has needed ever since she had her nervous breakdown."

"You mean she really did have a nervous breakdown?"

"Of course. She had worked so hard at school. She was just recovering when your Grandpa and Grandma Sherman both passed away. It was too much for Hazel in her weakened condition. She was ill for several years. And at a very important time in her life. Her close friends married. They had families. When Hazel was well again, she seemed to have lost touch. She couldn't regain her zest for life, her hopes, her confidence. She hurled herself into her teaching work. Nothing else mattered. I tried everything I could think of to bring her out of it. I'm proud of you girls."

"Oh, Mother," I burst out, "I felt so terrible when I learned Aunt Hazel was an adopted child. Maggie and I happened to discover it when we were looking for those flapper dresses last winter. We just felt we had to make it up to her some way."

Mother hugged me tightly; then held me back at arm's length and smiled warmly.

"I'm glad you did just what you did—that you felt that way about it. Even if you were wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Yes, dear. Your Aunt Hazel isn't an adopted child. It was I who was adopted."

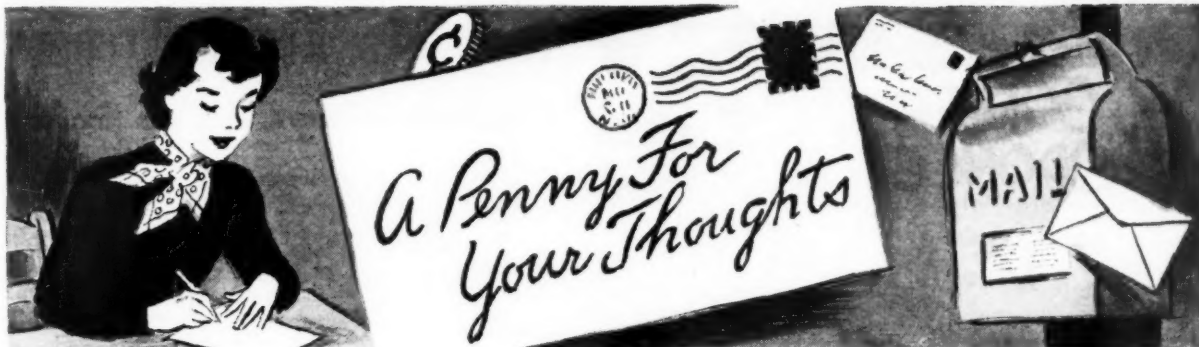
"Honestly, Mother?"

"Honestly, dear."

"Mother, you're simply terrific."

Which she is. Fact is, I've never once had that lump in my throat since—I mean, when I think about somebody being adopted. Not after knowing what a wonderful person Mom is. I guess the books are right, after all. It's really something to be "doubly wanted."

THE END



**EUCLID, OHIO:** I am a feature writer for our school paper titled the "Echo," so I enjoy reading and criticizing magazine articles. I haven't reread many of your articles, because I enjoy them the first time I read them. I would like to see more medical stories. Also a story based on early New England life.

ROBERTA MINICUCCI (age 13)  
P. S. Your January cover was perfect. Could you have one of a Boston terrier?

**WOODBURY, CONNECTICUT:** THE AMERICAN GIRL helps me very much. I am the literary editor for our school newspaper, and I use your magazine as reference for movies and books.

Your fashions are very helpful and I have bought many of the things you showed.

Your articles on good grooming are great.  
LIBBY REYNOLDS (age 13)

**EDWARDSVILLE, ILLINOIS:** I belong to Girl Scout Troop 7, and thoroughly enjoy my Scouting activities. I also believe that THE AMERICAN GIRL has helped me earn the rank I hold.

I think your serial *Double Date* is excellent. *Will This Fit You?* was also very helpful to me as I hope to become a nurse.

LOIS MOORE (age 12)

**PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA:** Your January cover is the best one that you have ever had. I immediately wanted to make Makepeace my own.

The articles on careers are wonderful. Now how about some on music and teaching?

Mother certainly was glad to see the article *That Bandbox Look*. I can't imagine where she gets the idea, but she thinks I'm a little guilty of some of the things mentioned! How many others are in the same fix?

The Petersburg Girl Scouts really go for THE AMERICAN GIRL, so please keep it just the way it is.

BARBARA STANTON (age 16)

**PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL:** You probably will be surprised when you will get a letter from a girl from Brazil, but I could not wait any longer to tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. The stories are wonderful, the fashions are lovely, and the articles on Girl Scouting are exactly what we need down here, to show us the way to good Girl Scouting, because the movement here is still very small. I'm a Girl Scout and am a patrol leader in my troop. My troop leader was one of the two girls who went to the U. S. A. to the International Girl Scout Camp, in Home Valley, Washington State. When she came back she told us many interesting things about the American Girl Scout and country.

I have been in the U. S. A. when I was

eleven years old, and stayed three months in Chicago, Illinois, but I cannot remember much. Sometimes I wish I could be in the U. S. A. and live the life of an American teen-ager, because there is much difference between the Brazilian and the American teen-ager. I go to an American school, but it is not taught in English, so I can't learn much English from school.

I'm liking the new serial very much, and am eagerly waiting for my January issue.

The section of Books is the one I most love, because as we do not have many English books down here, I can imagine the books reading you outline.

Thank you very, very much for the wonderful magazine.

RUTH MARGARET WOLLHEIM (age 16)  
P. S. Excuse my bad spelling and English.

**BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA:** That courageous story *Simple Snowplow* and *Boys Don't Bite* certainly get all my votes. *Teen Shop Talk* is very good and *Fashion Parade* was very different and good.

ANNETTE BROWN (age 13)

**HOPKINS, MINNESOTA:** Your stories are the best I have ever read in any magazine or book. I also wish to compliment your illustrations for all of your stories.

ELIZABETH SELTZ (age 15)

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND:** Congratulations on a wonderful magazine. Two years ago a Canadian friend when in Philadelphia paid the subscription to have it sent me for three years, and it will be a sad day for me when you send my last copy. Your articles and stories are smashing, especially the one on glasses and hair styles, as I wear glasses. Your patterns are divine and I only wish I could send for them as I make quite a lot of my own clothes. Your November *Prize Purchase* is the prettiest you have had to date. I love to read the Scouting articles, though I am no longer a Girl Guide, but for the past five years have been in the 508 Northumberland troop of the "British Red Cross Society." My mother, too, likes to read THE AMERICAN GIRL. Your recipes sound scrumptious, although we can't make them.

JEANIE CHARTER (age 17)

**MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA.** I am a Senior Girl Scout and the girls from my troop enjoy reading THE AMERICAN GIRL.

At Christmastime my troop had a day nursery for Christmas shopping mothers. Your article *Big-Sister Role* which was in the December issue helped my troop greatly with our project. We got our basic ideas from the article.

ANN OMOHUNDRO (age 14)

**BAYTOWN, TEXAS:** That *Bandbox Look* made me fly into action. It was wonderful! *Double Date* is very good, but that month of waiting for the next part is maddening. Your fashions are simply scrumptious! And speaking of fashions, what is the fashion in bedrooms? How about some cute ideas for the fixing of our rooms?

LA JUANA OSBORN (age 12)

**HELSINKI, FINLAND:** "Hello, here is Finland calling."

Your wonderful magazine gives also us Finns joy, I mean my sister and myself. I don't think here is many girls who are able to have it from there.

I like very much *Double Date* because there is so much about which many Finnish girl has dreamed, and besides the stories are illustrated so wonderfully.

*Speaking of Movies* is also very fine one. We have almost the same pictures than you have there.

But the best of all was, in October issue the story *Teen-Ager . . . Colombian Style*. I must say I liked it awfully much. Let's have more stories like that. Oh, it would be wonderful to travel "once in a lifetime" to Colombia.

I'm not a Girl Scout, but however, I'm very interesting in your Scouting.

TUULA RINNE (age 16)

**MOUNT PLEASANT, SOUTH CAROLINA:** I had to write as soon as possible to let you know what our crowd thinks of your adorable January cover. I've been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for several years, and I venture to say that it's one of the best covers ever produced. I can hardly stop looking at the fascinating grin on the kitten's face!

ANN SCHWEERS (age 14)

**BASTROP, LOUISIANA:** I have just finished reading *Double Date*, and had to write and tell you how much I liked it. Of course, I have enjoyed *A Penny for Your Thoughts* better than ever since it had a new heading.

That letter from Glen Ellyn, Illinois, was most surprising, for I'd never thought of Penny and Pam as real people.

JOAN TEMPLETON (age 17)

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Jean McConochie's letter confused several readers. Rosamond du Jardin, who lives in Jean's town of Glen Ellyn, used the town and high school as background for her story, *Double Date*, but Penny and Pam and their adventures are fictitious. Isn't it amazing how real they seem?

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.



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1. Soften 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold coffee.
2. Dissolve gelatine and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar thoroughly in 1 cup very hot coffee.
3. Stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla.
4. Chill until slightly thicker than unbeaten egg white consistency.
5. Gradually beat  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar into 2 stiffly beaten egg whites.
6. Whip gelatine until fluffy and volume has doubled.
7. Fold into egg white mixture.
8. Turn into 2 1-lb. coffee cans (or, mold half and use the other half for a pie filling) and chill until firm.
9. Unmold and decorate as desired.
10. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

## THRIFTY RECIPES GALORE

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## Your Own Recipe Exchange

MACARONI, SPAGHETTI, RICE, AND NOODLES

by JUDITH MILLER

A great many excellent recipes were sent in for this month's Exchange, and it was no easy matter to choose from among them. We think you will find the dishes we have selected make fine party fare, as well as good family stand-bys. Most of them can be prepared ahead of time, stored in the refrigerator, and baked or reheated when you are ready to serve them.

For June—month of parties and proms—the subject of the Recipe Exchange is **CAKE**. Write down the recipe for the cake that appeals most to your, or your family's, sweet tooth; try it out once more to make sure you have it exactly right; then send it to us. For each recipe printed in the magazine, we pay \$1.00.

### NOODLE BAKE

This may be prepared a day ahead, and baked when needed. It should be moist, but not runny. Cooked ham, chicken, or tuna fish may be used instead of the pork.

- |                                  |                                             |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 small can mushrooms            | $\frac{1}{2}$ large package noodles, cooked |
| 1 green pepper, chopped          | 1 can whole-kernel corn                     |
| 2 pimientos, chopped             | 1 can chicken soup                          |
| 2 tablespoons butter             | 1 cup bread crumbs                          |
| 1 pound lean fresh pork, chopped | 2 tablespoons melted butter                 |

Drain mushrooms and corn, reserving liquid. Sauté mushrooms, pepper, and pimientos in butter about 10 minutes. Push to one side of pan and cook pork in butter until brown. Add liquid from mushrooms and corn. Cover, and simmer until meat is tender, adding water as needed. Add noodles, corn, and soup, and turn into greased baking dish. Combine bread crumbs and melted butter, and sprinkle over noodle mixture. Bake at 375° about 30 minutes, until crumbs are browned. Serves 4 to 5.

Sent by JANICE VAN WORMER, Toledo, Ohio

### SPAGHETTI-AND-CHEESE SQUARES

The milk and cheese make this a complete main dish for luncheon or supper. Macaroni or noodles may be substituted for the spaghetti.

- |                                        |                                     |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 cup uncooked spaghetti, broken small | 1 tablespoon pimiento, chopped      |
| 1 cup milk                             | 2 tablespoons green pepper, chopped |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cups soft bread crumbs   | 1 tablespoon parsley, chopped       |
| 1 cup American cheese, grated          | 1 teaspoon salt                     |
| 3 eggs, beaten                         | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper       |
| 1 tablespoon onion, minced             | 2 tablespoons butter, melted        |

Cook spaghetti according to package directions and drain. Scald milk and pour over bread crumbs. Allow to stand 5 minutes, then combine with spaghetti. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into a greased 8" square pan and bake at 350°

for 40 minutes. Cut in squares and serve with catsup or mushroom sauce. Serves 6.

Sent by MARILYN WYNKOOP,  
Van Buren, Ohio

### TEXAS HASH

Here is a good one-dish meal for you to try on your next cook-out.

- |                        |                                 |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 large onions, sliced | 2 cups canned tomatoes          |
| 1 green pepper, minced | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup uncooked rice |
| 1 cup celery, diced    | 1 teaspoon chili powder         |
| 3 tablespoons fat      | 2 teaspoons salt                |
| 1 pound ground beef    | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper   |

Cook onions, pepper, and celery in fat until tender. Add meat and brown. Add remaining ingredients, cover, and cook over low heat about 30 minutes, until rice is tender. Or bake in a greased casserole, covered, at 375° for 45 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by BONNIE JEAN BEATTIE  
Newaygo, Michigan

### MOCK RAVIOLI

Don't let the length of this recipe discourage you! The dish is an easy one to prepare. It can be assembled well ahead of time, and baked just before serving.

#### PART ONE:

- |                                     |                                             |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 medium onion, chopped             | $\frac{1}{2}$ can tomato paste              |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, chopped | $\frac{1}{2}$ can tomato sauce              |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water             | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water                     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salad oil | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon mixed Italian herbs* |
| 1 pound ground beef                 | 1 teaspoon salt                             |
| 1 small can mushrooms               | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper               |

Sauté onions and garlic in oil until golden brown; add meat and cook, stirring with a fork, until browned. Add remaining ingredients, cover tightly, and simmer gently for 2 hours.

#### PART TWO:

- |                                           |                                 |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil               | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cooked spinach, chopped | 1 clove garlic, chopped         |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley          | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage     |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs       | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt     |
| 2 eggs, well beaten                       |                                 |

Combine all ingredients thoroughly.

#### PART THREE:

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butterfly or sea-shell macaroni, cooked  
Grease a large baking dish. Put in a layer of cooked macaroni; top this with a layer of the spinach mixture; add a layer of the meat mixture. Repeat until all ingredients are used. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 30 to 40 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by JOANNE TROESCH,  
Gustine, California

\*Mixed Italian herbs might be any of the following: oregano, sweet basil, tarragon, rosemary, bay leaf, thyme.

### MEAL-IN-ONE

Any cooked or canned meat may be used for this tasty dish. Served up in the family's prettiest baking dish, it can be the *pièce de résistance* when there are unexpected guests.

- |                                   |                               |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 3/4 cups milk               |
| 2 tablespoons flour               | 4 ozs. elbow macaroni, cooked |
| 1 teaspoon salt                   | 1 1/4 cups corned beef, diced |
| 2 teaspoons prepared horse-radish | 1 cup cooked peas and carrots |
| 1 teaspoon prepared mustard       |                               |

Melt butter, add flour, salt, horse-radish, and mustard. Add milk gradually, stirring until thickened; cook 1 minute. Pour over macaroni. Stir in remaining ingredients and pour into a 2 quart baking dish. Bake at 375° about 30 minutes. Serves 4.

Sent by BETTY JEAN FOOSE, Eaton, Colorado

### CHILI-GHETTI

American with a Mexican twist, this hearty dish is fine for cold-weather parties, for it can be made in advance and reheated.

- |                          |                                       |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons shortening | 2 cups cooked red kidney beans        |
| 1 pound ground beef      | 1 1/2 cups uncooked, broken spaghetti |
| 1 large onion, chopped   | 3 cups tomato juice                   |
| 1 teaspoon salt          | 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce     |
| 2 teaspoons chili powder | 2 tablespoons salt                    |
|                          | 1/2 teaspoon pepper                   |

Melt shortening; add beef, onion, salt, and chili powder. Cook until onion is tender. Turn mixture into 2 1/2 quart casserole, and place kidney beans on top. Put spaghetti on top of beans. Combine tomato juice and remaining ingredients, and pour over contents of casserole. Bake at 350° for 1 hour, or until spaghetti is tender. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by GAYLE BENNINGER,  
Mt. Clemens, Michigan  
THE END

### June Recipe Exchange

Subject: Cake

Date Due: March 20

- The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the June issue must reach us by March 20.
- Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.
- JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

#### FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

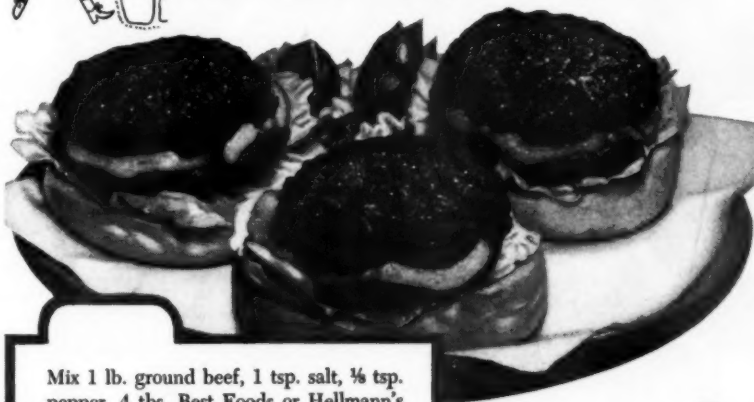
1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.
2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
4. All recipes submitted become the property of The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

## Keep a Recipe Scrapbook



When you plan that back-yard cook-out\*, here's the recipe to use. Delicious, and so-o easy!

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Mix 1 lb. ground beef, 1 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper, 4 tbs. Best Foods or Hellmann's Whole-Egg Mayonnaise, 1 tsp. finely chopped onion, 1/4 c. dry bread crumbs. Shape into 12 patties. Cut 6 slices American cheese in smaller rounds. Place on 6 burgers and cover with remaining burgers. Seal meat edges. Broil over fire on both sides, serve on buns.

#### \*For Back-Yard Camper Badge...



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## Double Date

(Continued from page 17)

them together. And even then, Penny always made sure that there were others around the office; that she wasn't alone with Mike.

But one afternoon he got to his feet and yanked the cover over his typewriter just as Penny was ready to leave.

"I'm through for the day, too," he told Bob Purcell, stretching. "You'll close up when you're finished, won't you?"

Penny had no choice except to cross the journalism room and walk down the corridor with Mike ambling along beside her. Together, almost silently, they went out through the heavy doors and down the long flight of stone steps.

"How about a malted?" Mike asked.

But Penny said, "I—I think I'd better be getting home."

Mike nodded. "That's what I thought you'd say." He fell doggedly into step with her, demanding, "Okay, let's have it. What have I done to make you sore?"

Penny had hoped that if she avoided Mike as much as possible, if she treated him with cool civility when chance threw them together, he might gradually get the idea that she had seen through his elaborate ruse to win Pam back. But apparently it was all going to have to be put into words.

Very well then, she thought, anger rising within her, she would tell him. "Didn't it occur to you," she asked, "that I might resent being used as a come-on to get Pam interested in you again?"

Mike stood there, looking down at her rather blankly, thrown a bit off balance by her unaccustomed anger.

He said, "But, gee, Penny, I thought you realized all along what I was doing. Why, it was you who put the idea in my head."

Penny's jaw jutted out grimly. "I gave you some advice, but that didn't mean I was willing to co-operate in your schemes—not if I'd known what you were up to! I don't think it was fair—or kind . . ." she stopped talking before her voice broke entirely.

"Gee, Penny," Mike's tone held real regret. "I didn't know you'd feel like that."

"Well, I do," Penny said hotly. "When two people are friends, as I thought we were, they shouldn't have to examine each other's motives to be sure one of them isn't taking advantage of the other. You ought to be able to depend on your friends."

"Penny," Mike said, gripping her elbow, "listen to me. I should have come right out and asked you if you'd help me. Instead of that, I took it for granted that you knew what I was doing and that you were willing." There was no doubting the sincerity of his tone or of his blue eyes looking down so steadily into hers. Penny felt the first hot glow of her rage begin to die down a little.

Mike went on, "Why, Penny, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, or make you mad. I've been pretty stupid about the whole thing. But you can't condemn a guy for stupidity, can you?"

Of one accord, they started to walk on slowly, Mike still gripping Penny's arm. After a few steps, she admitted, "I suppose I should have realized sooner what you were trying to do. I knew how you felt about Pam."

It wasn't fair, she realized, to blame Mike because her own eyes had been so dazzled with dreams she hadn't been able to see clearly. Why would he realize she was letting



her imagination run wild, convincing herself that he had got over Pam, just because that was what she so desperately wanted to believe?

"No," Mike argued, "it was my fault. And I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Penny said.

"And we're still friends?" Mike asked anxiously.

Penny nodded.

"Okay," Mike said. "Now is there any reason why a couple of friends can't have malteds together at the Hangout?"

"I guess not," Penny said. She even had to laugh a little.

After that things slipped back into the old groove, with Mike dating Pam, but still being friends with Penny. And Penny wrapped her disappointment in pride and made the best of it.

One spring day in the "Crier" office, when Mike had been struggling to think of an idea for an editorial, Penny made a suggestion. "Why don't you do one about the senior prom and how so many of the senior girls don't get to go to it?"

"It's a crime!" Maggie Wright spoke up vehemently. "We're all getting fed up! Half the boys ask juniors or even sophomores and the seniors get left out in the cold."

"After we work like slaves on music and decorations and stuff, too," Jean Dickey added emphatically.

"Now, wait a minute," Mike objected. "You can ask juniors if you want to, or guys who have already graduated."

"Some of the senior girls do that," Penny agreed. "Ask older fellows, that is. But not all of us have an older man on the string to invite. As for asking juniors, if we did that we'd be razed to death, and you know it."

Bob Purcell jumped into the argument then, and it waxed hot and long—Bob and Mike upholding the male prerogative to ask whomever they wanted to the prom, Penny and Maggie and Jean standing firm on their contention that the senior girls never got a square deal.

"If there isn't any solution of the problem," Mike shrugged, "what's the use of doing an editorial about it and getting everybody all het up?"

"Maybe," Penny said thoughtfully, "there is a solution."

"What?" four voices asked simultaneously.

"I was reading the other day in a magazine," Penny went on, "about a date bureau that had been set up in some college. Students who didn't know a lot of people, or didn't know them well enough to ask for dates, could register there. Then whoever had charge of it matched the registration cards up according to interests, types, and all. That way a lot of people, who might never have met otherwise, got acquainted and went out together."

"Let me get this straight," Mike said. "Are you suggesting we set up a date bureau like that at Glen High?"

"Just for the prom," Penny told him. It seemed as if the idea were growing and taking more solid shape in her mind as she outlined it. "We could call it 'Prom Dates,' or something like that. And the 'Crier' could sponsor it, give it some good publicity. It would work this way: If a girl wanted to go to the prom and didn't figure she had a chance of being asked, she could register with the bureau. Just senior girls, of course, because after all, it's the senior prom. But in addition to dateless senior boys, we'd let

junior boys who were willing to date senior girls register, too. That way, there ought to be enough to go around, and if the bureau matched them up, the girls wouldn't feel funny about going with younger boys."

"It could be a Dutch-treat deal," Maggie suggested. "That way a lot of fellows without too much cash wouldn't be scared to register. Still they wouldn't feel queer about it, as they would if they actually asked a girl to go fifty-fifty on expenses."

Mike's and Bob's glances met thoughtfully as the girls chattered on enthusiastically. Finally they both nodded.

Two weeks later, with full faculty approval, the "Crier" ran an editorial entitled, "Why Should Any Senior Girl Be a Forgotten Woman at Prom-time?" In writing it, Mike had waxed eloquent on the subject. Also he had given full credit to Penny for the Prom Dates Bureau idea. The "Crier" came out on Wednesday and, although the Prom was still more than a month off, the Prom Dates booth started doing a flourishing business. Penny was congratulated so many times for her brilliant idea that she felt a warm rosy glow envelop her.

As spring progressed, Howard House hummed with activity. Although Mother had finished her job for the Kirkpatricks, other good commissions followed, sparked by Mrs. Kirkpatrick's enthusiastic satisfaction. Mother continued to see a good deal of Paul Gerard, right up to the time of his departure, in May, on a trip to Europe for a news magazine. But she didn't marry him and she didn't even seem to mind his leaving, except as she might have missed any other good friend. So all the twins' fearful speculation on that subject had been wasted.

With graduation drawing near, Penny found herself busier than ever; almost as busy as Pam, whose whirl of activity she no longer had any cause to envy.

Schoolwork kept them both busy, and they spent a good deal of time planning for college next year. It would be the first time they had taken different courses. Pam wasn't remotely interested in journalism. She leaned more toward art and intended to specialize in decoration, as her mother had in her college days. Penny's work on the "Crier" had made her sure that she wanted to try her hand at writing in some form.

Pam still had more dates than Penny, but Penny was invited out often enough so that her evenings were far from empty. Pam's train of admirers shifted and changed except for the ever-faithful Randy. Mike, to Pam's annoyance, had dropped away entirely. He never phoned any more to ask for a date, never dropped by to see Pam unannounced, as he used to do so often.

"I don't know what's got into the big dope," Pam said indignantly one night as she and Penny were getting ready for bed. "He doesn't act mad or anything. We didn't have a fight."

Penny said, "Maybe he just got tired of being one of a mob scene."

"But that's silly," Pam argued. "Competition shouldn't discourage a man. According to psychology, it should encourage him, make him want to follow the crowd."

Penny shrugged. "Maybe Mike never studied psychology."

Secretly she suspected that his actions might be a further result of her advice to him to play disinterested. But he seemed to be overdoing it a little.

Pam said, "You see a lot of him around the 'Crier' and Prom Dates and all. Does he

## Complexion Hints

by Gina Farley



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ever say anything at all to you about me?"

Penny shook her head.

"I think I'll play up to him," Pam said, her eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "I think I'll be real sweet to him and see what happens."

"But why?" Penny asked, her voice a little husky from pushing itself over the lump in her throat. "Why bother, unless you like him better than Randy and all the rest?"

"Maybe I do," Pam admitted. "I've certainly missed him."

Penny sighed, but it was such a small unobtrusive sigh Pam didn't even notice it. And pride wouldn't let Penny ask Pam to leave Mike alone. Especially since Mike, she reflected miserably, didn't want to be left alone. He was trying to get Pam to concentrate on him. That was the basis of his pretended indifference. And now Pam was going to try to get him back. Neither of them, Penny thought bleakly, should have to try very hard.

Up until now she had let herself hope that maybe Mike would invite her to the prom. She might as well sign up for Prom Dates after all.

(To be concluded)

(Copyright, 1952, by Rosamond du Jardin)

**Guide for Gardeners**

(Continued from page 25)

The rows for large crops should be planted three or four feet apart; for small crops, you can go as close as eighteen inches to two feet. You can adapt this to suit your garden size. Then order your seeds.

For most crops a single packet is usually enough. You'll need perhaps two packets of big seeds, such as corn or lima beans. If you expect to make several plantings of corn, lettuce, or snap beans, at different times, you should have more seed. That is called "succession planting," and it insures having a continuous supply of crops all season.

When the soil is dry enough so that you can squeeze a handful without its becoming a hard mud ball, and the weather is warm and looks settled, you can start planting. But don't plant everything all at once! In the South you can start planting in February or earlier; but in the North it is better to wait until April, unless you want to try short rows of spinach, radishes, or peas late in March. In April the weather is warm one day, cool the next, so that only the hardiest crops can be planted. In addition to the above, plant at this time beets, carrots, lettuce, broccoli, cabbage, collards, mustard, and Swiss chard—almost anything in the mustard family.

Wait until May fifteenth in the North to plant all the heat-loving plants—sweet corn, beans, the vine crops such as squash and cucumber, tomatoes, peppers, eggplant. Since planting time depends on where you live, check with local garden authorities as to planting dates in your community.

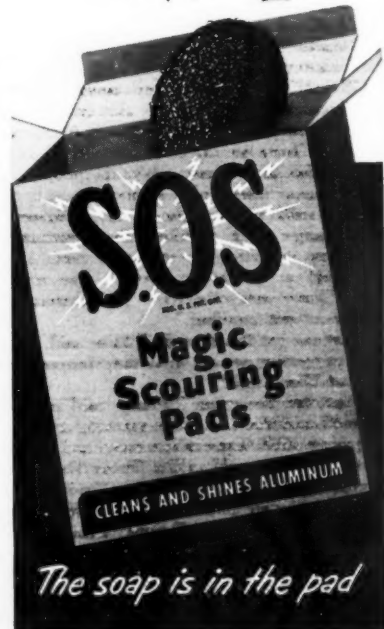
Before the actual planting is done, the plot should be raked smooth, all sticks and stones removed, and clods broken up. Next step is to mark your rows by driving the metal stakes into the ground and stretching the cord between them. Then, when planting any row, rake down alongside the marking cord so that the soil will be fine and smooth for the seed bed.

The seed row can be prepared with a pointed stick, a sharp hoe, or a wheel hoe. Depth of the seed rows will depend on size of seed. Fine seeds can be merely pressed into the ground with your foot, hand, or the flat side of a rake or hoe. Corn, beans, and



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the larger seeds may require a row several inches deep. See directions on seed packet for planting each type of seed. Don't plant too thickly either, bearing in mind that you will have to thin out from several inches to several feet apart in the case of corn, and tomatoes, which are usually planted in hills. At the actual time of planting, apply plant food, usually commercial fertilizer which can be bought by the pound, or in up to hundred-pound bags. The kind your father puts on the lawn is usually all right for the garden—that is, one of the usual five-ten-five mixtures. Of course, if you live on a farm or in a village where you can get well-rotted barnyard manure, you are lucky because there is nothing better. Both chemical plant food and organics, such as manure, are better if worked into the soil alongside the plants. Several side dressings (plant food worked into the soil between the seed rows) should be made during the season—three to five pounds to one hundred feet of rows.

You won't need to worry about watering if you live in a humid region, unless the weather is very dry. In this case the seedlings will shrivel up unless watered. But you have to soak the ground several inches deep to do any good. Again, check with local authorities.

Weeds will start growing as soon as the seeds you've planted, so be on the watch for them and kill them as quickly as they come up. If you don't know weeds from the good plants, better get some advice. It's one of the things you learn only from experience.

Be sure to thin out your plants so that they will have room to grow to full size. The thinnings can be set out someplace else, or used in salads or cooking. Don't wait too long to thin out, and also remember that weeds are easier to pull or hoe out when small than after they get big.

Gardening takes eternal vigilance. You have to do a little work in the garden the season through, maybe a few hours a week, to get results. Even better is to do a few minutes work every day. Don't hoe in the garden when the ground is soft and muddy; it will pack the earth down and make it hard to cultivate. It also closes the pores in the soil. Plant roots need air just as animals do, and so do the helpful bacteria that live in the soil.

Insects you will have, almost certainly, but not on all plants. The first pests to show up will be cutworms. You won't see them, but they will mow down your new cabbage plants and tomatoes. Protect newly set plants by placing cardboard collars around them. Most other insects you can see. There will be cabbage worms on plants of that family including broccoli, cauliflower, and Brussel sprouts. A stomach poison (DDT or arsenic) will kill them. Follow directions on containers in applying insect poisons and fungicides. The latter control plant diseases.

Beans are almost certain to be attacked by the Mexican bean beetle. And there will be aphids, plant lice, little green things that suck the juice of the plants, on almost everything. On the other hand, some crops are hardly ever injured by insects or diseases, so keep a close watch on your plants for signs of insects and have the spray gun ready to smite them whenever they do show up. The worst plant disease is the late tomato blight, which shows up in cool wet weather, and can be controlled or prevented by using a copper spray or dust. Better get local advice on this one. Corn has two enemies—the European corn borer which enters the stalk as well as the ears; and ear worms which go



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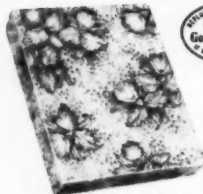
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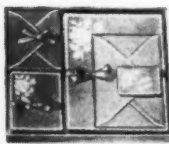
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through the silks. Both can be controlled pretty well by using a poison dust such as DDT when the corn tassels begin to appear.

Remember that you have to keep on spraying or dusting all summer, about once a week, but not on all plants. One reason is that rain washes off the chemicals. Another is that when new leaves appear there are untreated surfaces for the bugs and blights to work on. Word of caution: before eating, be sure to wash garden produce carefully so that all chemicals are removed.

However and wherever your garden grows, you will want to have all the last-word methods and advice available. There are numerous books and pamphlets obtainable through your local Girl Scout leader, county agent, and your garden supply store. Write to your State agriculture college for their publications, or the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. for a list of garden bulletins. Most libraries have garden books to help you on your way.

As the seed grows, so will your learning grow. Perhaps most exciting of all will be the day you bring in a basket piled high with your harvest. Then watch for the smiles, and tune your ears for the vote of thanks from every member of your family! THE END

### Volley That Ball!

(Continued from page 15)

advancing it toward the net players—trying to “set up” a shot at the net. The net players have the responsibility of seeing that the ball is placed in such a way that the opponents cannot make a return. Such a “kill” shot is made by hitting the ball sharply toward the ground, attempting to place it out of reach of the other team. When the ball touches the ground the point is lost.

Remember that during the playing of a game, except on the service, a ball may be volleyed only three times by either team before being batted over the net, and one player may not hit the ball twice in succession without its being touched by another player.

Should your weakness be in short relay shots, invite four or five friends in to help you. Scatter around the court, then try keeping the ball up in the air, using short, aimed shots from one player to another. Both hands should be used when batting the ball.

When you think you are ready, take up a net position. Have the others relay the ball to you. You “kill” the shot by slapping the ball sharply toward the ground on the opponents’ side of the court.

Throughout practice period and all games, remember that to be a fair ball, all shots must keep the ball within the lines of the court. Outside of these lines is a miss.

Scoring is easy. A point is made for the serving team (team A) when the team receiving the ball (team B) fails to return it to team A’s court. The receiving team never scores. When the serving side fails to score a point, the opposing side serves.

At this time, just before a new server takes over, the shift in position of the players takes place. Here’s how this works: Take a look at the diagram. Number six has had her turn to serve. Number six now moves to number-one spot, number one to number two, etc. This takes place whenever a new serve comes up.

In official play the game usually consists of two halves of fifteen minutes each. However, volleyball is sometimes played according to points won. The first team to score

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twenty-one points wins. In this case there are no halves. Sometimes, for young players and beginners, a fifteen-point game is chosen. Decide on the scoring method before the game starts—a definite period of time, or a definite number of points.

At the beginning of the second half, or at the beginning of a new game in the case of a point-limited contest, the team that did not have the first serve begins the play.

The needed supplies in volleyball are not expensive, but care of the equipment is important. If the court is out-of-doors, the net should always be taken down after play is over. Should the ball become wet, wipe it dry and store it in a dry place. Before playing, always check to see that the ball has sufficient air to make it firm. A slightly deflated ball will slow up the game.

Small or large groups of players, ranging in age from youngsters to oldsters, can enjoy the game together. If you learn to play it during your school days, you can continue the fun of playing as you grow older. A good time will be had by all if you'll get your friends together and *volley that ball!* THE END

### Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawing or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

**Short Stories:** Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

**Poems:** Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

**Nonfiction:** Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested for July, 1952—PICNICS.

**Drawings:** Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5"x7". WARNING: Wrap carefully!

### RULES

1. Entries for the July, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before April 1, 1952. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.

2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

### AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

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# All Over the Map

## Headline News in Girl Scouting

❖ "For her contribution to human relations and world understanding through her Girl Scout activities," Barbara Wallace, of Roxborough, Pennsylvania, has received the twentieth annual Gimbel Philadelphia Award. Eighteen-year-old Barbara is the youngest person to be so honored. She was chosen by a committee of former recipients of the award, which is conferred annually upon a woman in recognition of her service to humanity.

In considering the candidates for this twentieth award, the committee felt strongly that great responsibilities rest upon the shoulders of America's young people, and that service to humanity knows no age. So from among the seventy-six names submitted to it, the committee chose a very young woman—one who knew the meaning of, and had given, service.

The award carries with it a check for one thousand dollars and an illuminated scroll. Barbara's scroll says, in part: "Through her years as a Girl Scout her eyes have been opened to the joy of service. Young as she is, she has already entered upon the path that leads to high service to humanity, the keynote of this award."

Barbara has been an active Girl Scout for many years. In 1950 she received a Juliette Low Memorial Award, and spent several weeks at Our Chalet in Switzerland, living, working, and playing with Girl Guides and Girl Scouts from many other countries. When she returned home, she wished to pass on to other Scouts all that she had learned of international friendship, of mutual understanding among people of different races and creeds and ways of living. She spoke at innumerable Girl Scout meetings, and to club, church,

and camp groups, kindling in others the spark that will keep alive the friendship and understanding which Juliette Low so firmly believed can be a great force for peace in the world.

In winning the Gimbel Award, Barbara joins the ranks of such distinguished women as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, Dr. Florence Seibert, and many others whose services to humanity are recognized the world over.

❖ The truth of the saying that "One thing leads to another" has been proved to their own satisfaction by the girls of Troop 38 in Santa Barbara, California. When the girls couldn't agree on which badge they wanted to work on—Cook or First Aid—their leader suggested that the troop work on both, each girl choosing the one she preferred.

The idea worked out very well. Although the First Aid group did not take part in the cooking activities, they were quite willing to act as guests—and guinea pigs—whenever the Cooks concocted something that looked and smelled appetizing. The Cooks, however, decided before long to work on the First Aid badge, too, for they discovered that it helps to know something about first aid when working with knives, stoves, and can openers.

Eventually the First Aid and Cook badges were earned, and presented to the girls at a recent ceremony. Apparently the domestically inclined Cooks did influence the undomestic First Aiders, for the whole troop is now working on the Sewing badge.

❖ Among the contestants in the recent third Grand National Bake-Off of the

Pillsbury Company, in New York City, there were five Girl Scouts. From all over the country winners in preliminary National Recipe contests gathered at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to compete for the grand prizes.

The Girl Scouts came from far and wide—Maine, Ohio, and Oklahoma; Minnesota and North Carolina. Although none were winners in the national bake-off, they all had a wonderful time in New York. They made many new friends from every part of the country on their sight-seeing tours of the city, and as they worked side by side with the other contestants—boys as well as girls—in the cooking sessions.

In addition to the experience and fun, each girl had an expense-free trip to New York with an accompanying adult. Each one also received as a gift the electric range, the mixer, and all the other equipment which she used in the national bake-off.

❖ In Lakeland, Florida, the community in general is becoming aware of the value of Girl Scouting through an excellent program of community-service activities. One Girl Scout troop has earned the gratitude of parents by manning a nursery where they care for small fry during P.T.A. meetings at one of the schools. In addition to acting as program aides for an Intermediate troop, a Senior troop is helping regularly, afternoons, at a children's home. The Girl Scouts have contributed a large number of garments to the local chapter of the Needlework Guild, and have made two afghans which the Red Cross has sent to veterans' hospitals. To be prepared for an emergency, home or community, two troops have com-





*Santa Barbara News-Press Photo*

**A good time is had by all as girls of Troop 38, in Santa Barbara, California, work on the Cook badge**

pleted the junior first aid courses given by the Red Cross, and many of the troops either have completed, or are taking, the home nursing course. In addition to these continuing activities, the Girl Scouts find themselves being called upon to help on many new or special projects because of their fine record of community service.

A city-wide home nursing course has turned out to be one of the most popular and constructive activities of the St. Cloud, Minnesota, Girl Scouts. First aid, accident prevention, and outdoor safety courses had all been successful, and home nursing seemed a logical follow-up. When the suggestion was made to the council, the Leaders' Club, and the girls themselves, it met with hearty approval, and one of the leaders immediately enrolled in a Red Cross Home Nursing Instructors course, to prepare herself for the teaching job.

So many wished to take the course that it was decided to enroll the girls by troops, and to give the course to one troop at a time. The Red Cross co-operates by supplying a room and the necessary equipment, and the course covers a period of fourteen weeks. In addition to fulfilling their badge requirements, the girls who successfully complete the course receive a Red Cross certification.

When the Girl Scouts were invited recently to take part in an all-city parade, they took the opportunity to dramatize their home-nursing activities effectively with a float on which a nurse and a uniformed leader watched a group of Girl Scouts ministering to a bed patient. The float attracted much attention, and focused community interest on the Girl Scout program.

At Sangley Point, in the Philippines, United States Girl Scouts of Troop 3 are making the most of the fine opportunity they have for international friendship activities. They began by inviting some Philippine Girl Scouts from Manila to visit them at Sangley Point. The Philippine girls were friendly and gay, and both groups had a wonderful time as they exchanged ideas and songs, names and addresses, at a spread in the soda fountain. As a result of the visit, an active correspondence has developed between the girls of Troop 3 and their sister Scouts in the Manila troop.

Later, Troop 3 went to Manila for a return visit. They were particularly interested in the fine handicraft work done by the Philippine girls. Most of the handicraft materials in Manila are imported from the United

States, and are expensive and very hard to get. The visitors were greatly impressed by the ingenuity and skill with which the Philippine girls had used whatever simple, inexpensive materials they had at hand.

At Christmastime, Troop 3 made stuffed dogs, cats, bunnies, and other animals which they sent to an orphan home in Manila. Toys, too, are very expensive in the Philippines, and naturally, an orphan home can afford very few. So the gift of the stuffed animals brought unexpected happiness to a great many small children.

During the short time this troop has been organized it has enjoyed an interesting and varied program, and there are many fine plans on the fire for the current year.



When the members of Troop 7 in Pittsburg, California, embarked on a Junior First Aid course, they did not foresee that this would bring them a unique distinction. In the midst of their course, the American Red Cross introduced a new method of



**Sisters all! Philippine and American Girl Scouts at the Sangley Point Base**

artificial respiration, and the first group on the Pacific Coast to be trained in the new technique was—you've guessed it!—the Girl Scouts of Troop 7. They were instructed in the new back-pressure, armlift method by an American Red Cross instructor, and proved to be excellent pupils, catching the knack of the new method very quickly.



To achieve its goal of a visit to Detroit, Troop 43 of Falconer, New York, began with determination, added perseverance, ingenuity, and hard work, and came up with a winning combination.

At a silver tea the mothers of the girls started the ball rolling with a contribution toward the fund for the trip, and each girl agreed to sponsor a party at which she would raise at least four dollars for the fund. In the months that followed the troop committee sponsored a spaghetti supper at which the girls acted as waitresses; the troop put on regular bake sales, gave a play, made and sold aprons at the

Girl Scout Fair, sold cookies. For the big, final push, the fathers helped with a paper drive, picking up the papers in trucks and delivering them to the salvage company. When the girls hopefully checked their fund, they found that they had made it.

Twelve girls and four adults made the trip to Detroit by automobile. They left early in the morning, stopped for a picnic lunch and supper, and arrived in Detroit early in the evening. Five happy days followed: eating in different restaurants, sight-seeing, shopping, being entertained by a former Girl Scout. One day they visited Greenfield Village; another was spent at the Detroit Zoo; and on a red-letter afternoon they attended a baseball game between the Detroit Tigers and the Philadelphia A's. On the return trip they crossed into Canada and, because some of the girls had never seen them, stopped at Niagara Falls. Girls and grownups enjoyed the whole trip immensely.

Although the Detroit trip was their major project, the troop also carried out the badge work and community services they had planned. In the badge field they completed work on seven badges, tying in some of them, like Player, in the Literature and Dramatics field, with their fund-raising. As part of their community service, they helped the American Legion, and the Sister Kenny Committee with their service projects.



The gay pictures which brighten the walls of the children's ward in the Ruston, Louisiana, hospital are the result of a Girl Scout community project directed by a Curved Bar Scout.

Brownies and Girl Scouts were asked to submit pictures, gathered from magazines, calendars, posters, and other sources, which they thought would appeal to children in the hospital. A surprising number of suitable pictures, colorful and interesting, were received. The judges finally chose eleven which they felt were the very best, and these were mounted on 14 x 12 panels. Through the courtesy of two local firms, attractive white frames were made for the panels, with book backs so that the panels could be easily changed. The Girl Scouts have taken the responsibility of changing the pictures regularly.

Members of the hospital staff were so enthusiastic about all of the pictures submitted, that the Girl Scouts agreed to make the pictures which were not chosen for framing into scrapbooks for the children's ward.

THE END



*St. Cloud Daily Times Photo*

**With one of their troop acting as the "patient," St. Cloud, Minnesota, Girl Scouts practice home nursing**



Paul Parker Photo

**T**HIS YEAR the Girl Scouts of the United States of America celebrate their fortieth anniversary. From the littlest Brownie on up, this birthday is meaningful and important. But to a certain group of women within the organization it is something extra special. Why? Because their daily living is concerned with the aims and principles of the Girl Scout program. Because they know they are making a very real contribution to the continuing growth of Girl Scouting. These women are the professional workers who have chosen Girl Scouting as a career.

Now your own career plans may be already settled in your mind. Perhaps the lead in last year's class play has set you dreaming about an acting career over after-school cokes. Or, you've been getting straight A's in English, and plans and plots are stirring for the great American novel. But maybe your talents lie along a less well-defined line. You get the most fun out of working with people—the kids in the class club, your Girl Scout troop, the young people's group at church. If that's the case, Girl Scout professional work may be the right answer for you. Although most of the adults in Girl Scouting are volunteers—like the leader of your troop, or the men and women members of your Girl Scout Council—there are nearly fifteen hundred paid workers who have jobs as exciting and interesting as any you can imagine.

A Girl Scout professional worker acts as adviser and guide to the Girl Scout Council—the group of adult volunteers who direct Girl Scouting in a community. She cooperates with troop leaders, the committee chairman, and other civic leaders. In short, her big job is working with people. She works with men and women—boys and girls—of every race, every creed, every national heritage group in the United States.

All smooth sailing? Of course not; for we are all very human beings each with our own emotions, opinions, tastes. Now, in any group endeavor it is fair and democratic and necessary that these differences be expressed. But—herein lies a challenge to the professional worker. Through her tact, her judgment, her sincere good will, and genuine interest in people, she works with the group toward achieving the prime aim of every member: bringing to the girls of the community the best Girl Scout program possible.

It may be hard for you to see yourself doing these things and yet, basically, they are the same things you are doing every day in school, in church, in your home. For instance, do you remember the party when you helped the new girl feel less shy and more a part of the group by going out of your way to include her in the conversation? Or the time your Scout leader asked you to take charge of plans for the cook-out? You appointed a committee, and all of you really worked hard planning the menu and providing the necessary food and equipment. Maybe there were problems to be ironed out along the way, but in the end everybody agreed it was a big success. It was good because you were working *with* people, not dictating to them or directing them, but cooperating with them and making them feel as enthusiastic and excited about it as you were.

# Walk Proudly

... in your career as a  
Girl Scout professional worker

William Leftwich



**Above:** These National-Staff members are highly trained in their specialized fields

**Below:** A Girl Scout professional worker shares in the fun of program activities

Paul Parker Photo



by NANCY LAWRENCE

When you are really interested in whatever job you are doing and really anxious to help other people do the best they can, you are working in the Girl Scout way.

You are probably wondering if you have the necessary qualifications to be a Girl Scout professional worker. First of all, you will need a liberal-arts college degree, with emphasis on the social sciences such as sociology, psychology, economics. Talk to your teacher or faculty adviser about choosing the high school courses that will prepare you for your college curriculum. You will want to remember, too, that a masters degree in social group work is needed for really top-notch work in this field.

Group-leadership experience—guiding a group as its members share activities and plans—is the next requirement. There is no

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better way of preparing for leadership than by volunteering your services as a program aide now to a Girl Scout troop in your community. Your school is the next place to get this experience. Take an active part in the class program, volunteer to lead discussion groups, join clubs, learn about your student government and how it works. Be interested and informed. Use your imagination and follow through on your ideas.

The third basic requirement is camp-counselor experience. Again a job with the Girl Scouts is one of the best ways to fill this requirement. While you are getting camp-counselor experience you are also learning something about the organization and how it works. There are nearly seven hundred Girl Scout camps in the United States. Maybe your council owns one, but in any case it will have some sort of summer camping program, even if it's only a schedule of overnight hikes. At the age of sixteen you can qualify as a counselor-in-training or a junior counselor, a job which will enable you to step with little difficulty into a regular counselor's job when you are eighteen. Right now, as a camper, you can learn many of the skills and camping techniques which will stand you in good stead later on.

The personal qualifications necessary are just as important as the educational background and experience you bring to the job. The most important one is a sincere interest in and concern for the welfare of other people. But other things count too. Check yourself against the following list and see how you rate. Do you have:

1. A belief in the democratic process of government? This means working and planning together, sharing responsibility, and respecting the rights of others as individuals.
2. An even-tempered disposition? Do you fly off the handle when things don't go your way? Or do you count ten and then reply?
3. The ability to get along with people in the everyday routine of a busy life? This ties in with number 2, but it means more than just controlling your temper. Do you have tact? A sense of fair play?
4. A mind free from prejudice?
5. Self-confidence and ease in social situations? In Girl Scouting you will work with many kinds of people. Learn how to relax and be yourself in any social situation. Practice does the trick.
6. Leadership ability? Can you work with people without dictating to them?
7. Imagination, initiative, energy? Are you just full of ideas? Do you take the lead in carrying them out and can you finish the job without bogging down in the middle?
8. Good physical and mental health? How does your school-attendance record look? Too many days out for minor aches and pains? Or, how about those moody, blue periods when nothing seems to go right? Too many of those, too?
9. Attractive physical appearance? This doesn't mean the Hollywood brand of glamour. Remember good health plus good grooming is the basis of a good appearance.
10. A sense of humor?

You won't be able to answer yes to all of these. Few people could. But your score will give you some idea of how well you will qualify for a Girl Scout job. If you can meet the basic requirements, the Girl Scouts have these professional jobs to offer you.

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**12 PENCILS** With Your Name STAMPED IN GOLD ONLY **50¢**

Yea man! A dozen top-grade pencils, each with your name or nick-name stamped in gold—only 50¢ plus 1¢ for postage and packing. Or we'll send two dozen (24) gold stamped pencils for only \$1.00 with all postage paid. Order today! No C.O.D.'s.

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Replacements are expensive and harder to get. Mark your things with your own name, woven to order by Cash's, and prevent most losses. Cash's are a favorite identification with the Services, travelers and students, as well as at home. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us.

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Amazing 1952 line ready now—Values sell themselves! Stunning 21-card All-Occasion box \$1—Other whirlwind sellers: 14-Card box, Easter, Comic, Metallic cards. Plus children's records, books, surprise novelties & gift items. Huge selection of Imprinted Stationery, note paper, napkins, matches. Bonus offer. Credits nothing to try. Start earning! Write now for samples.

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C 14 Star	\$1.50 each	G 14 Star	\$1.49 each	C 125 Gold Plated	50¢ each
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carry out the Girl Scout program in a section of a community under the direct supervision of the executive director of the council. In Greater New York, for example, there are approximately twenty-five district directors who work on many phases such as recruiting, training, supervising leaders, observing troops, helping girls through their leaders to plan and carry out group activities.

Your schedule may go something like this—a meeting in the morning with the council; then off for a luncheon date with a troop leader to discuss plans for the weekly program: perhaps you'll decide on an overnight camping excursion or a party at a nearby hospital. That afternoon you pay a visit to a Brownie troop to see how a new leader is making out. Evening finds you attending a fund-raising dinner of Community Chest leaders as a representative of the Girl Scouts. Every day, and sometimes week ends, too your schedule will be varied and full.

**Executive Director.** This professional worker is responsible for the administration of all Girl Scout activities in a community. In a large council she is often assisted by other professional workers (those mentioned above), or she may be the only one employed by a small council. Regardless of the size of the community, her job is primarily giving guidance in the big job of planning, administering, and co-ordinating the over-all work of the organization. She also works with individual volunteers and special committees. Most executive directors start as district or field directors to get the important on-the-job training so necessary.

In addition to these jobs many councils employ workers with special skills in training, camping, public relations, to direct a particular part of the program.

Jobs on the Girl Scout national staff are few in number and are highly specialized, but in general the personal qualifications for these jobs are the same as for the local professional worker. National-staff members may be located at the National Headquarters in New York or at one of the twelve regional offices located throughout the United States. Rare but exciting are the national-staff jobs in foreign fields.

The salary range for all professional workers is from \$2,500 to \$6,000. However, your starting salary will depend on what experience and qualifications you bring to the job. If you would like further information about the work, write to the Girl Scouts of the U. S. A., Personnel Department, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Typical of the nearly fifteen hundred Girl Scout professional workers in the United States is attractive, brown-eyed Rena Shaefer, Field Director of the Girl Scout Council of Santa Barbara, California.

What does Rena Shaefer like best about her job? "The satisfactions are not material satisfactions," she says. "It is the satisfaction of seeing girls learning the meaning of the Girl Scout Promise, of seeing teen-agers do joint planning with adults; the satisfaction in knowing that I work with people who are continually emphasizing the democratic way, who believe in democracy as a source for freedom and a help to growth."

These, then, are your rewards in your career as a Girl Scout professional worker: satisfaction, service, stimulating activities, and the knowledge that you may walk with pride in your community and in the world.

THE END

# SPEAKING OF MOVIES



**THE WILD NORTH**—An outstanding performance is given by Stewart Granger in this tale of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. As Jules Vincent, a French-Canadian trooper accused of murder, he is being brought in by Constable Pedley (Wendell Corey). Pedley's mission is complicated by Cyd Charisse as the Indian girl in love with Vincent, and her cat. The men struggle to outwit one another; then, for self-preservation, fight together against the pitiless North. The climax is breathtaking. (M-G-M)

**ROOM FOR ONE MORE**—When Anna and George Rose (Betsy Drake and Cary Grant) add problem-child Jane and crippled Jimmy-John to their household of three children, seven cats, a dog, and a rabbit, their always lively life becomes hectic. Jane's first prom, and Jimmy-John's efforts to pass his Boy Scout tests, are only two of the problems which everyone, including the animals, helps to solve. Rich in humor, it is a heartwarming picture with real drama underlying all the fun. (Warner)



**WITH A SONG IN MY HEART**—The stranger-than-fiction life story of Jane Froman has been made into a dramatic picture, with Susan Hayward as Jane, and David Wayne and Rory Calhoun in supporting roles. Singing commercials was the first step in Jane's steady rise to fame. But hardly had she reached the top when, in the crash of a plane carrying USO entertainers, she nearly lost her life. The long, painful struggle to rebuild her life and career makes an inspiring story. (20th Century-Fox)

**STEEL TOWN**—Romance and the drama of steel-making are combined in an absorbing picture. John Lund is the heir to a steel mill who is learning the business; Howard Duff is the Number One man of an important crew; and Ann Sheridan is the girl who is involved in it all. Photographed in Technicolor during the actual operations of a large steel mill, the thrilling sequences of the story give unforgettable pictures of the hazardous business of making one of our vital metals. (Univ.-Int'l.)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

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### Party plans

#### How to give a Waxing Bee!



### Be the life of this different kind of party!

Waxing bees are all the rage! It's smooth, big-time party fun—the mixer type that boys like—yet inexpensive and easy to give. Send for complete plans—invitation ideas...the props to have on hand...suggestions for decorations, games and prizes...and most important, ideas for refreshments.

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Write to  
Consumer Education Department, Dept. AG 3

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Racine, Wisconsin

Ask for "How to Throw a Waxing Bee." Be sure to give your name and address.

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• The glamour of Nature... the glories of sport... they're yours in this Indian "taxi." An Old Town Canoe is an Indian craft—made steady and stronger.

Made like a birchbark. Easy to guide. Light for the long trips and carries. It's easy to own. Inexpensive to keep through years of adventure and sport.

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Authoritative new guide to U.S. stamps published by the world's largest stamp firm. Up-to-date prices, many illustrations. H. E. HARRIS & CO., Boston 17-B3, Mass.

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Early issues, airmails, commemoratives, all off paper, catalog value over \$7.00 with Canadian Price List and Enco Journal included. Send only 25¢. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, Dept. AG, 92 Adelaide Street, West, TORONTO, CANADA.

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A beautiful collection of commemoratives, triangles, high values, bi-colored stamps, etc. Only 15¢.

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Make big profits and bonus. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED. Everyone BUYS! They sell themselves! WRITE TODAY for sample boxes ON APPROVAL. Make quick profits wherever you go. ELLIOTT GREETING CARD CO., 250 Ridge St., Elyria, Ohio

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Tells at a glance the country to which any stamp belongs. 32 pages illustrated. Includes valuable "Stamp Collector's Dictionary," "Stamp Treasures and World's Ten Rarest Stamps." Also Approvals. GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 1107, Calais, Me.

## ★ GIVEN! Scott's International Stamp Album

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## COLLECT CARTOPHILIC CARDS

New fascinating hobby—interesting packet containing Birds, Butterflies, Insects, Flowers, Trees and other rare cards—Plus big illustrated catalogue—All for 10¢. INTERNATIONAL CARTOPHILIC CO., 1152 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

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Headquarters for specialists in United States stamps and coins. Large stock available at low prices. Write TODAY. RUBEN STAMP & COIN CO., 210 So. 6th St., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

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"Approvals" or "approval sheets" mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

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## WHERE TO BUY AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

The March cover dress and the "All Out for Easter" fashions on pages 22 and 23 may be purchased at these stores

Albany, N. Y. ....	Wm. Whitney
Atlanta, Ga. ....	Davison Paxton
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Baltimore, Md. ....	Hochschild Kohn
Bellevue, Wash. ....	Frederick & Nelson
Belmont, Mass. ....	Filene's
Belvedere, Md. ....	Hochschild Kohn
Bethesda, Md. ....	Woodward & Lothrop
Boston, Mass. ....	Filene's
Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	Abraham & Straus
Canton, Ohio ....	Halle Bros.
Chestnut Hill, Mass. ....	Filene's
Cincinnati, Ohio ....	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio ....	Halle Bros.
Colorado Springs, Colo. ....	Daniels & Fisher
Denver, Colo. ....	The May Co.
Detroit, Michigan ....	Hudson's
Edmondson, Md. ....	Hochschild Kohn
Erie, Pa. ....	Halle Bros.
Garden City, N. Y. ....	Abraham & Straus
Greenville, Miss. ....	The Fair
Harrisburg, Pa. ....	Pomeroy's
Hartford, Conn. ....	G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, N. Y. ....	Abraham & Straus
Miami, Fla. ....	Burdine's
Minneapolis, Minn. ....	Powers Dry Goods
New Castle, Pa. ....	New Castle Dry Goods
Philadelphia, Pa. ....	Strawbridge & Clothier
Portsmouth, Va. ....	Sears, Betty & Bob.
Richmond, Va. ....	Thalhimer's
Salt Lake City, Utah ....	Z. C. M. I.
Seattle, Washington ....	Frederick & Nelson
Springfield, Illinois ....	Myers Bros.
Tacoma, Washington ....	Rhodes Bros.
Troy, N. Y. ....	Wm. H. Frear
Washington, D. C. ....	Woodward & Lothrop
Wellesley, Mass. ....	Filene's
Winchester, Mass. ....	Filene's

## USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (in coin) for each pattern.

### FEATURED ON PAGES 26-27

- ☐ 9018—Dress with Scalloped Skirt  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 4503—Striped Dress  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ 9227—Dress with Button-On Cape  
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ 4530—Dress or Coat Pattern  
Sizes ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16 ☐ 18
- ☐ 4732—Topper  
Sizes ☐ A ☐ B ☐ C
- ☐ 9356—Princess Dress with Spencer  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

I enclose \$..... for patterns checked above

Be sure to enclose correct amount for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.

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It's a wonderful thrill to make extra money of your very own! It's easy—and you'll love every minute of it. Just show friends, neighbors, and other folks you know these gorgeous nationally advertised Wallace Brown Everyday Greeting Cards. Make friendly visits, show samples—and take easy orders with **BIG CASH PROFITS** for you. Thousands of girls earn money this easy way. So can you! Rush the coupon below **NOW** for these three boxes, *sent you entirely on approval*—along with details on how you can start out at once making extra spare time cash—and keep on earning money all year 'round.

## ***GIRLS!*** IT'S EASY AND SO MUCH FUN TO MAKE \$50.00, \$100.00 AND EVEN MORE!

Don't send a single penny. Just your name and address on the coupon below. We'll rush you actual samples of *all three* of the exciting new Wallace Brown Box Assortments shown at the left . . . the fun-packed Barrel-Of-Fun Assortment, the "Feature" All-Occasion Assortment, and the amazing, charming Assortment of Parasols & Pinafores Personal Notes. Yes, all 3 Assortments to you on approval, and when they reach you with all the details and money making ideas, you'll see why thousands of other girls all over America say Wallace Brown is the easiest selling line of all!

### Big Line Easy-Selling Box Assortments

For 1952 we offer you so many wonderful things to sell, the money you can make never stops! The three Assortments shown here are only part of the big line containing new-idea Greeting Card Assortments for Birthdays, Get-Well, and other occasions—plus Gift Wrappings, Personal Notes, Floral Stationery, Napkins, children's books, gift items, and many more. Folks usually buy more than one assortment at a time, and you make as much as 50¢ cash profit on each assortment you sell!

**BARREL OF FUN GREETING CARDS**  
Greeting cards that captivate, delight and surprise. Cards for every occasion.

**"FEATURE" ALL-OCCASION ASS'T.**  
A whole box-full of high quality cards . . . sensational value at \$1.00.  
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Name

Address

City  State

( ) I am a Club Leader

J-120

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## GIRLS! *You Can Earn* EXTRA MONEY Sell FRIENDSHIP Greeting Cards

Have extra spending money! Show lovely Friendship Cards to friends, others. Smartly designed, handy Assortments sell fast, pay big!  
**NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!**

Customers buy on sight. You make up to 100% profit on big value \$1 Assortments for all occasions. \$50 is yours on just 100 boxes. For extra profits also show new Humorous Cards, Gift Wrappings, Personalized Stationery—many other fast-sellers.

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC., 533 Adams St., Elmira, New York

### MAIL COUPON NOW!

Start earning with this easy proven plan right away. Make plenty of extra cash for yourself, your favorite club or other group. Just fill out and mail the coupon below for FREE Imprint Samples, Assortments on approval, and all the facts. ACT TODAY!

FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, INC.  
533 Adams St., Elmira, New York

I'LL SAY I'm interested in the Friendship Earning Plan! Rush Sample Assortments on approval, also include FREE Samples of Imprinted Items.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

